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CALIFORNIA AND THE FAR WEST

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Suggestions For The
West Bound Traveler

BY
K. E. M. DUMBELL

NEW YORK
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"I knew it would call, or soon or late, as it calls
the whirring wings,
It's the olden lure, it's the golden lure, it's the
lure of the timeless things."

R. W. SERVICE.

INTRODUCTION

My first visit to the West Coast was arranged, one might almost say, on the spur of the moment; consequently I had had no time to decide what were the most important points to be visited.

Upon reaching San Francisco my first desire was to find a small guide book which would give me this information, such a guide as can be bought at almost any station in Europe.

I called at several book stores that morning, at railroad ticket offices and at Cook's, only to receive the same answer at each place, namely, that there was no such guide, but that I could be given a guide to the city, or a map of the city. This was not what I wanted; I wanted a guide, no matter how slight, to that region, to the West Coast of the United States of America.

Thinking that others may have experienced this same want, I offer this very inadequate effort, which I feel sure will be better than nothing.

I cannot attempt to go into any details,

but shall try to mention the most important points and give a few helpful suggestions as to how best to see them.

This is in no way an historical guide book.

Some slight explanation is necessary as to the manner in which I have attempted to place before my readers the actual crossing of the continent.

Leaving the Atlantic Coast, say from New York, three separate times.

First, giving a sketch of the trip out by the most northern routes to San Francisco; secondly, starting from New York again and crossing by any one of the central lines to San Francisco; and thirdly, leaving any one of the far Eastern cities, going south to New Orleans, by either train or steamer, and across by the most southern route, known as "The Sunset Route" to San Francisco.

TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES

There are six main Transcontinental routes, one to the extreme north, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, one to the extreme south, known as The Sunset Route, and four intermediate.

I can make no suggestions as to which is best, because each has its own advantages. They are all excellently arranged routes, managed by the most courteous and painstaking gentlemen, who will arrange round trip tickets, taking in any particular points which one decides to see, making any stops or side trips. Therefore, first decide what you want to see *en route*—shall it be The Grand Cañon? the Yellowstone National Park? the Yosemite Valley? Will you go by the most northern, the extreme southern, or one of the central routes? What cities shall be visited? One can procure stop-overs for any number of places, and there are many temptations to stop on each line.

Take for example the most northern routes, the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the

Northern Pacific, the former with its wonderfully arranged trips where one travels through the great American Rockies—what scenery could be finer? One stands amazed at the feats of engineering which have been carried through all along these lines. One rocky giant after another looms up before us, their bald heads seeming to pierce the very sky, while the snow lies many feet deep on their sides. The Selkirks defy description! the train glides through one wonderful pass after another. Having taken the Canadian Pacific Railway, arrange to stop at *Banff*, the gateway to the Canadian Rockies. The railroad has as fine a hotel there as can be found anywhere, from which may be made many splendid excursions in the vicinity, all of which are easily accessible by motor, carriage, horseback or on donkeys. The lake, about nine miles off, known as Lake Minnewanka, 16 miles long, makes a delightful excursion; this lake, whose waters are very deep, is walled in by tremendous cliffs; steam launches make the round trip.

Continuing westward from here, we come, in about two hours, to *Laggan*, the station for *Lake Louise*. Leaving the train, we board an incline car and are taken part way up one of these splendid mountains to where this inde-

scribable gem, Lake Louise, suddenly bursts upon our sight. There is nothing finer than this spot in Switzerland; the lake, 5,645 feet above sea level, lies in a hollow at the base of three wonderful mountains, and at the far end, in the most dramatic setting, is the superb Victoria Glacier, facing directly the Chateau Lake Louise, where we immediately apply for rooms looking out upon this marvellous view. As soon as you have had luncheon, start out and walk round the lake, four or five miles. This gives you an intimate, friendly feeling, which will almost undoubtedly be succeeded by a feeling of awe, as the majestic splendor of the place grows upon you.

From here a most interesting set of mountain trips may be made by either road or bridle path; the latter is the favorite, as one can go farther and climb higher. I cannot go into detail, but at the Chateau one gets full information, horses, guides, etc. Do not fail to see Mirror Lake (altitude 6,550 feet), or Lake Agnes (altitude 6,820 feet), truly a lake in the clouds, and encircled by majestic peaks. The beauty of this region could not be exaggerated.

The "Valley of the Ten Peaks," I think, is unique, and this is a trip all can take, a 10-

mile drive over good roads. I believe this is the most impressive spot I have ever seen; I shall attempt no description. If possible, give at least five days to Lake Louise.

Leaving Laggan, we pass through *Field,* where another stop may be made, and various excursions taken.

Glacier, near the summit of the inexpressibly beautiful Selkirk range, really ought not to be passed by, and here again, comfortable accommodations have been arranged. Mount Sir Donald, pointed out as we pass, rises to a height of more than a mile from the railroad. At *Sicamous* again there is the temptation to stop and explore, for we are nearing the end of the 500 miles of the Rocky Mountain range, through which we pass. Beyond Ashcroft we enter the Cañon of the Thompson, through which we rush on into Fraser Cañon, through Agassiz and Mission Junction, and about 50 miles farther on we reach Vancouver. I attempt no description for the reason that all cities are to be omitted in my small guide, as adequate information and local maps can always be had in every metropolis.

One might spend weeks taking the trips on *Puget Sound* alone, for this is one of the most beautiful bits of salt water to be found anywhere. The mountains seem to rise right out

of the water, and are wooded to the water's edge. These countless excursions are well arranged by the Oregon, Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, who will send full particulars upon application.

"There where the livid tundras keep their tryst
with the tranquil snows;
There where the silences are spawned, and the
light of hell-fire flows
Into the bowl of the midnight sky, violet, amber
and rose.

There where the rapids churn and roar, and the
ice-floes bellowing run;
Where the tortured, twisted rivers of blood rush
to the setting sun."

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

ALASKA

The trip to Alaska may be made from Vancouver, as well as from various other points. It is possible to take the steamer direct from San Francisco. For information in regard to this trip apply to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Captain R. H. Stretch, whose many years of connection as an engineer with mining and railroad enterprises in the West and Alaska render him an authority, says: "Alaska is a country unique in its geographical situation, unique in its climate and unique in its physical beauties. Cape Barrow, its northernmost cape, is warmer than any point in the world as far north of the equator; and its southern shores bordering the North Pacific Ocean are likewise warmer than any point in the world in similar latitudes during the winter months, as the result of the beneficent influence of the Japan current. Norway alone can approach it in these respects, but in Norway the mountain backbone runs parallel to the coastline, and its rivers are insignificant

streams, and there is no room for extensive valleys; while in Alaska the immense quadrangle is divided into three zones by lofty mountains, . . . which leave between them broad plains, through which such streams as the Kuskokwin, with 600, and the Yukon, with 2,000 miles of navigable waters, open up its vast interior. Norway and Sweden are the Mecca and Medina of the European tourists in search of the picturesque and sublime, and the latter country takes its annual toll of American pilgrims on similar sights intent; but Alaska can discount anything which these countries can boast. Its mountains overtop Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn; its glaciers dwarf the Mer de Glace. . . .

"At the Childs glacier you may loll at ease by the river bank on a carpet of flowers, while the glacier splits with a noise like a cannon shot or the staccato reports of small arms, and watch avalanche after avalanche start 300 feet above, driving the water in mighty waves up the gravel slope below you as they take the final plunge and float away in the narrow river. When the mist has drifted by, the dead-white face of the ice disappears. The new dress glistens with the brilliancy of diamonds, and the deeper recesses of the façade

gleam blue as a summer sky unflecked by clouds.

" The charm of the glaciers is never ending. . . . The peace and silence of the rock-bound fiords, clad in green, with the snowy peaks of far-off mountains, gleaming through the tree tops on the skyline, suggest the delights of Lotus land; picture after picture more beautiful than anything that the Hudson can show, or either Norway or the Rhine can boast. . . . There are sunsets such as no painter could ever put on canvas, veritable vortices of flame, as though the world was on fire. . . . Even the sun is loath to leave the scene which his warmth has endowed with life, and forsakes it only for a few minutes at midnight.

" Along the Alaska Peninsula the tourist may witness in safety the tremendous pent-up energy of the internal fires; islands raised from the bottom of the ocean one year, only to be engulfed the next, as at Bogoslop. . . ."

Here may be seen " The crowning peaks of a mountain range which, dividing to the east, culminate in Mount McKinley, 20,464 * feet high, north of Cook Inlet; and Mounts St.

* The altitudes in this book are taken, as far as possible, from "A Dictionary of Altitudes," published by the U. S. Government.

Elias and Fairweather and their cold virginal sisters, grim guardians of the northern shores of the Pacific. These stupendous mountain masses (a mile taller than Switzerland's champion), their feet buried under a glacier, which lines the coast for more than 100 miles, are even more impressive than the loftiest of the world's famous peaks, either in the Himalayas or the Andes; for while these rise from lofty interior plateaus, the sweep of St. Elias is from ocean to sky, with nothing to break the foreground. . . . The scenic beauties of Alaska, whether they be of earth or water or of sky, are varied enough to bring enthusiasm to the lips of the most blasé traveller." Those desiring to make the trip to Alaska from Seattle can get full information from any of the following companies in Seattle:

The Alaska Steamship Company.
Pacific Coast Steamship Company.
Canadian Pacific Steamship Line.
Alaska Coast Company, or the
Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The Glacier National Park is situated in the northwest of Montana. The reservation is 915,000 acres in extent, and contains 260 lakes and 80 glaciers, varying from five square miles to a few acres in area.

Here, as in all of the other great National Parks of our Western country, camps have been provided and good care is taken of the tourist.

It is quite impossible for one to attempt a description of all these parks without a very long list of new adjectives, for nature has been more than generous in dowering this part of the world with wonderful scenery. See Lakes McDonald, St. Mary, McDuff and Iceberg Lake; this last is almost surrounded by great towering cliffs, many of them rising to an elevation of 2,000 feet, in the crevices of which lie large glaciers. In the short space of time which the average tourist gives to this spot, he is frequently rewarded by hearing and seeing some great fragment break from its parent glacier and crash into the water, where, in the form of small ice-

bergs, they are always seen floating; hence the name of the lake.

On the borders of Lake St. Mary you will be shown a most beautiful and impressive mountain, known as the Sun Mountain, very much beloved by the Indians, who point out on its side the head of the Great Spirit. They will tell you that after his visit to them on earth, he ascended this mountain and from its summit, where they will show his last tepee (a triangular mount), he returned to the home from which he came.

BLACKFEET GLACIER

Blackfeet Glacier is the largest and by far the most impressive in the Park; none but hardy mountain climbers should attempt the ascent.

The Park is reached by the Great Northern Railroad, from either Belton or Glacier Park. There is a good road from Belton to the foot of Lake McDonald, two miles. From here trails lead into the Park, exploring the greater portion. Numerous trips can be made from Lake McDonald. This most beautiful spot, Glacier Park, is almost solely for the benefit of camping parties at present, there being no

hotels in the Park, but comfortable, permanent camps have been established within one day's walk of each other, from 8 to 16 miles apart.

At Glacier Park Station there is a fine hotel, and from here a wagon road has been built to Upper St. Mary Lake, a distance of about 32 miles. This is a beautiful drive, with many lovely mountain views. But Glacier Park is not a place to be taken as a scenic spot to be visited *en route;* it is a place to go to for a month, for wonderful tramping, for just living out of doors. By far the most attractive way to see the Park is on foot. Walking tours can be made at a cost of $3.25 to $3.50 per day by using the delightful little chalet camps, or if a party takes its own outfit, having neither guides nor horses, the trip can be made for much less than that.

Automobiles leave Glacier Park Station for St. Mary Lake Camp daily at about 9 A.M., returning to Glacier Park at about 6 P.M. The round trip ($5.00) need not be made the same day. One small piece of hand baggage, not exceeding 20 pounds in weight, will be carried free.

Travellers going to a place like this, especially women, should be prepared with proper clothing—a stout, short walking suit,

with a warm extra jacket, heavy common-sense walking boots, a comfortable hat and light, *warm* sleeping apparel.

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

From Shasta Springs, via the Southern Pacific, a short line runs to Klamath Falls, in the extreme south of Oregon, the center of this most interesting region, so named from the Klamath Indians. The attention of the general public was first called to this spot by a great U. S. Government irrigating project, which is still under way, and is to water some 200,000 acres of fertile soil. Crater Lake National Park is reached by automobile from Klamath Falls; the lake lies upon the summit of the Cascade Mountains, in the basin of an extinct volcano. It is about five miles in diameter. The elevation of the lake is 6,239 feet, the depth 2,000 feet, added to which the water lies about 1,000 feet below the rim of the crater. The color cannot be described; it is like some great sparkling jewel set in the dull bronze lava, and worn with pride upon the breast of this lovely Cascade Range.

Guests are at present accommodated at the

Lake in tents, but a fine hotel is being built, also a boulevard around the rim; although the altitude of the rim is so great, tourist cars mount without difficulty.

One might almost say in going West that all roads lead to San Francisco, and in this small guide they will, so whether we cross the continent by the most northern route, the most southern, or any one of the central lines, it will bring us to San Francisco.

THE GRAND COULEE *

"In the heart of the vast lava plains which occupy a large part of the States of Washington, Idaho and Oregon, lies the Grand Coulee, a natural feature of grandeur and wild beauty, which is well worthy of a place among the wonder sights of America, but which is practically unknown and unvisited at the present time. . . .

"The Grand Coulee is a great dry gorge or cañon, cut by the Columbia River when it was diverted from its course ages ago in the glacial period. . . .

"It extends nearly 100 miles across a part

* Mr. Winthrop P. Haynes, "The Grand Coulee," published in *American Forestry* for May, 1914.

of the so-called ' Big Bend ' region of the Columbia River. . . .

" This enormous dry cañon, with its numerous beautiful lakes and its site of a great prehistoric waterfall, which was as high as the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River in Africa and of much greater extent, may be visited by tourists travelling over the Northern Pacific Railway, by leaving the main line at Spokane and travelling over the branch line 125 miles to Coulee City, a small town situated on the level floor of the Upper Coulee, just at the point to get most of the interesting views of the curious region." Here guests can get comfortable accommodations and from here make the various trips by automobile, carriage, horseback or on foot. One should see, first, the site of the ancient cataract, with its 400- to 440-foot wall, which separates the Upper from the Lower Coulee. About four miles further on, one comes to the brink of the western margin, and following a short distance a wonderful panorama is disclosed, hummocks and hollows, lakes and pools, some of clear and some of strongly saline water.

The basalt rock of the cliffs turns a rusty brown under the effects of the weather, and is frequently covered with orange or greenish-

yellow lichens in great patches, so that the cliffs are a glorious riot of color.

The eastern branch of the Lower Coulee is in many respects the most interesting and beautiful, because it is comparatively narrow and a large part of it is occupied by a long, narrow lake, bordered by vertical cliffs; this is called Deep Lake. A charming walk of about two miles takes one to this part.

A visit to this region is a unique and interesting experience.

VANCOUVER TO SAN FRANCISCO

In going down the West Coast it is well to break the railway journey by taking the steamer from Vancouver to *Victoria,* on the Island of Vancouver (five hours), stopping here at least for luncheon and continuing again by boat from Victoria to either *Seattle* or *Tacoma* (four to five hours). There is a splendid hotel at Victoria, " The Empress," and this delightful city, the capital of British Columbia, makes an ideal headquarters from which to take the trip on Puget Sound. These two cities, Seattle and Tacoma, should both be visited, not only for themselves, though they have so much to boast of, but for the trips which may be made from them.

Here, after having left behind us the great Rocky Mountains, the beautiful Cascade Range greets us, with such fine individual peaks as Mount Hood, 11,225 feet; Mount Rainier-Tacoma, 14,526 feet; Mount St. Helens, 10,000 feet; Mount Adams, 12,470 feet, and Mount Baker, each unusually perfect in outline, and here again endless side trips may be made.

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

" Mount Rainier National Park is situated in western Washington, about 51 miles from Tacoma. It has an area of 207,360 acres, and includes Mount Rainier and all of its approaches.

" One of the largest glacial systems in the world radiating from any single peak is situated on this mountain. . . .

" The southern part of the Park is reached by rail to Ashford, on the Tacoma Eastern Railroad (Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad), thence via automobile stage to Longmire Springs, in the Park, six miles from the western boundary. . . .

" The trip may be made by automobile over good roads from Seattle and Tacoma.

Campers generally secure outfits in these cities and drive to the Park. The northern part of the Park is reached by rail to Fairfax, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, from which point only trails lead into and through the Park. . . .

" Provisions and supplies may be secured at Ashford, Longmire Springs and Fairfax. Guides may be had at Longmire Springs and Camp of the Clouds, and are prepared to furnish Alpine stocks, glasses, shoe nails, etc. . . .

" Arrangements need not be made with guides located at these points, nor for saddle horses before entering the Park. In making the trip in the northern part of the Park arrangements should be made at Fairfax in advance for guides and horses. The usual charge is $3.00 per day for guide and $2.00 per day for each horse. Guides are not permitted to take more than eight persons in a party. . . .

" The season of tourist travel is confined largely to June, July, August, September and the first part of October, although parties of tourists enter the Park for snowshoeing and winter sports.

" The summit of Mount Rainier is accessible from Camp of the Clouds, in Paradise

Valley, and from St. Elmo Pass, on the northern side. The difficulty of the ascent depends largely upon the condition of the snow fields, which varies from year to year. *It is dangerous and should not be attempted unless the party is accompanied by an official guide.*

"The charge made by guides for making the ascent of Mount Rainier is $25.00 for one person and $5.00 for each additional person.

"The Government Road, running through this Park and for some distance beyond Camp of the Clouds, makes it easily accessible for tourists. Near Paradise Valley and at the headquarters of Tahoma Fork is Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, so named from the circumstance that it was formerly the favorite resort of a small band of Klickitat Indians." *

The drive to this Park from either Tacoma or Seattle is wonderfully beautiful. One might write endless descriptions and still convey no idea. In one part the traveller looks down a sheer drop of 1,000 feet to where the lovely Nisqually River is seen winding its way to the sea. Again looking off toward snow-clad peaks, past dashing mountain streams, passing between cañon-like walls, this splendid road leads on, giving the happy

* Department of the Interior, U. S. A.

tourist one surprise after another, until the great Nisqually Glacier is seen a few hundred feet away, and we find that we have come to the end of the motor road. From here the trip must be made by stage or on horseback, the road ending only where the eternal snows begin.

HOW TO CLIMB MOUNT RAINIER

" The ascent of Mount Rainier is ordinarily made from Paradise Park by what is known as the Gibraltar route. This route, which is the one General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump originally selected for their pioneer climb of 1870, has proven to be by far the safest and most convenient of all the routes by which the old volcano has been attacked. Besides, it is the only route readily available to the tourist public, as it starts on the south side of the mountain, which is the only side so far opened up by the building of roads and trails, and the erection of hotels. The country surrounding the other sides of the mountain is still in its virgin state of wildness, inhospitable and almost unfrequented.

" Generally speaking, Mount Rainier is

not an easy peak to climb. The great altitude of its summit (14,526 feet above sea level) and the low level of the region about its base (between 2,000 and 5,000 feet) make the ascent an exceedingly long and exhausting one. Dangerously crevassed ice covers a large proportion of its flanks, while the sharp ridges between the glaciers are composed of treacherous crumbling lava and pumice. Those who have set their ambition on making the ascent will do well, therefore, to realize at the outset that there is no choice of routes, and that should one lose the beaten trail there is little or no hope of extricating oneself by another way. Several lives have been lost on the mountain, in every case by parties venturing out without the aid of guides.

"There are several reasons for securing the services of a competent guide. In the first place, the route does not consist of a definitely marked path. It leads for miles over snow fields, on which footprints melt away from one day to the next. In the second place, it is necessary in order that one may be able to return before dusk, to start out at 1 o'clock in the morning; and, as a consequence, a considerable distance has to be traversed in the dark, before daybreak. No one unfamiliar with the ground should undertake to do this

without a guide. Again, the rock-climbing up the Cowlitz Cleaver and Gibraltar Rock is not altogether without hazard, and is not to be attempted unaided, except by experienced, skillful mountaineers.

"Further, most people do not know how to handle themselves on a long and difficult ascent, not having had sufficient experience in mountain climbing. They are apt to rush eagerly at the start, thus using up their strength before the hard work is reached. The guide is there, not merely to show them the way, but to tell them how to climb, how fast to go, when to rest and to take nourishment, and to take care of them in case they are taken with mountain sickness.

"Finally, account must be taken of the exceeding fickleness of the weather conditions on the mountain. None but those familiar with Rainier's many moods can presume to foretell whether the day will turn out favorable for a climb or not. What may look to the uninitiated like harmless, fleecy vapors on the summit may be the forerunners of a sudden snowstorm, which no one could hope to live through. Practically all those who have perished on the mountain have been overcome by blizzard-like storms. Such storms may occur even in midsummer, and on the sum-

mit are always attended by fierce gales, against which it is impossible to hold one's footing.

" Camp of the Clouds, in Paradise Park, is the logical base from which to make the climb. It lies at an altitude of 5,558 feet, near the timber line. Accommodations may there be had by the day or week; guides may be secured, and through them such necessaries as Alpine stocks, amber glasses, calks and hobnails, and actors' paint to protect the face from sunburn, etc.

" The first 4,500 feet of the climb lie, for the most part, though not wholly, over snow fields. These are crisp and hard before the sun touches them, but once softened make very heavy walking; hence another reason for starting before daybreak. At sunrise one arrives at Camp Muir (10,060 feet), a saddle at the base of a narrow rock spur known as the Cowlitz Cleaver. One may make a stop here, but there is no comfort to be expected, for one is some 4,000 feet above the highest vegetation and there is no fuel to be had. Low rock walls afford partial shelter from the westerly winds.

" The ascent of the Cowlitz Cleaver is quite taxing, being mostly over rough, angular lava blocks. By 8 o'clock the base of Gibraltar

Rock is reached. A narrow ledge is followed along the face of the cliff, part of the way overhung by rock masses and huge icicles, and this ledge leads to the base of a narrow chute between the ice of the upper Nisqually Glacier and the body of Gibraltar. This chute offers the most serious difficulties in the ascent, and women should not attempt it with skirts. Bloomers are here a necessity. Ropes are usually suspended from the cliffs whereby one may assist himself upward. It is wise to move one at a time, as there is ever danger of the persons above starting rock, débris and ice fragments that may injure those under them. The ascent and descent of the chute are, therefore, inevitably time-consuming. Ordinarily the saddle above Gibraltar (12,600 feet) is not reached until 10 o'clock.

" From Gibraltar on there remains only a long snow slope to climb, but this snow slope is often exceedingly fatiguing. Huge, gaping crevasses develop in it which must be skillfully avoided by detours. Freshly-fallen snow may be so deep that one plunges into it to the waist, or else the snow may have melted out into ' seracs ' or so-called honeycombs many feet high, among which one cannot travel without considerable exertion.

" The rim of the south crater is usually

reached about 11 o'clock. It is always bare of snow, and shelter from the high gales may be found behind the great rock blocks on the crest. Metal cases are left here, in which the tourist may inscribe the record of his ascent.

"The crater is always filled with snow and may be traversed without risk, only one should be careful near the edges, as the snow there is melted in caverns by the steam jets which rise from beneath it in many places. Those having the strength may go on to Columbia Crest, a snow dome constituting the highest summit of the mountain. The return to Camp of the Clouds is easily made in from five to six hours.

"In conclusion it may be well to sound a word of caution to the over-ambitious. The climb is such a long one and the altitude gained so high that none but those who have previously prepared themselves by preliminary shorter climbs can hope to accomplish the feat with anything like genuine enjoyment. Altogether too many people have attempted the ascent immediately upon arrival from the city, without having permitted their hearts and lungs to become accustomed to the rarefied air of the higher altitudes, and without having toughened their muscles for the great task. As a consequence they have either

come back exhausted to the verge of collapse or else they have altogether failed in the undertaking. And there is unfortunately more than one case on record of persons who have permanently injured their health by such an ill-considered proceeding.

" It is wise upon arrival to spend several days—the more the better—in climbing about at lesser altitudes. A favorite try-out is an ascent of Pinnacle Peak, on the Tatoosh Range. It affords useful lessons in every kind of climbing that one may be called upon to do in conquering the main peak.

" Moderation in diet and the avoidance of heavy food of any sort are precautions that cannot be too urgently recommended. One should bear in mind that he is preparing for the most heroic kind of athletic work, and that such work is impossible on the conventional diet followed by most people.

" Before starting on the ascent of Mount Rainier, do not eat such articles as fried eggs, fried potatoes, hot cakes or heavy pastry. Abstain from coffee and tobacco, if possible. Spirituous liquor of any kind is taboo, except as a stimulant in case of collapse. Beef tea, lean meat, all dry breakfast foods, cocoa, sweet chocolate, crackers, hardtack, dry bread, rice, raisins, prunes, and tomatoes are in

order. The simpler the diet, on the whole, the more beneficial it is likely to be. Never eat much at a sitting during the ascent, but eat often and little at a time. These are rules well known to mountaineers. The more faithfully one complies with them the higher one's efficiency will be and the keener the enjoyment of the trip.'' *

This is given as an example only. The western part of the United States is full of great mountain peaks, and if one is prepared to climb any one peak, the same rules apply to all.

The region about Seattle and Tacoma is a veritable paradise for motorists, fine roads having been built in almost every direction. It is quite impossible to enumerate them, but for those planning to pass any length of time in this region I would suggest that they write to the Oregon, Washington Railroad and Navigation Company for a most attractive booklet called '' The Land That Lures,'' which they are only too glad to provide and which gives much information on this part of the country.

From here down through Portland to San

* All that I have given in connection with this Park and Mountain is from a U. S. Government circular—General Statement, 1913, Depart ment of the Interior.

Francisco runs a first class express, "The Shasta Limited," where one may enjoy to the full all the elaborate modern railway luxuries.

PORTLAND

Portland is a city of peculiar charm; built upon rolling ground, between the Cascade Mountains and the ocean, it is provided with unusually fine scenery. The Rose Festival, held here each year in June, has attracted great attention, but there seems to be a profusion of these lovely flowers here all the year round. It is well named "The City of Roses."

Back of the city, or rather to the west, rises *Council Crest,* a splendid hill commanding a most unusual view. Tourists who cannot arrange to stay in Portland can get a lasting impression of its charm by stopping a few hours and motoring, or even going by trolley, to this spot. In the park there is an observatory, from which may be had an ideal view of the fine snow-clad mountains of the Cascade Range, Mount Rainier-Tacoma, Mount St. Helens, Mount Adams, Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson. These white monarchs stand far enough apart to be utterly unspoiled;

each is entirely different in outline from the others, and the lights and shadows and cloud effects from here cannot be excelled. Portland, with her two unusually beautiful rivers, the Willamette and the Columbia, and the ever changing view of these mountains, may well be envied by many less fortunately placed cities. From here again numberless delightful excursions may be made.

MOUNT HOOD (11,225 FEET)

Mount Hood is reached by automobile from Portland. It is a 55-mile drive, through interesting country. There is a Government camp on the south slope, and the return trip can be made in a day, or for those with a little more time, "Cloud Cap Inn," on the north side, may be better. There are many trips from the Inn to points of interest, the trip to the summit being the most popular. This is said to be the easiest peak in the West to climb. The tourist should dress as for any mountain climb, in loose, light, warm clothing. Guides are also necessary here. For the last 300 yards a rope is used, but when the top is gained all else is forgotten, for the view defies description.

For full particulars regarding this beautiful spot write to the Travel Bureau, 69 Fifth Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER TRIP

This trip by steamer is made daily, during the summer months, leaving Portland at 7 A.M. The steamer goes all the way up to The Dalles, 88 miles, and through such scenery as few rivers can equal. The snow-crowned tops of the Cascade Range, with their glaciers and dashing mountain streams, greet the eye from time to time, while magnificent cataracts lend excitement; add to this the unending mystery of the deep, dark cañons and gorges, and what more can one ask for a river trip? I hear some say, "Castles! Oh, the castles on the Rhine!" This river too has its castles, only at present they are air castles. They will materialize some day. Give us time—all else is there.

The *Pillars of Hercules* are twin monuments of great height, one rising almost from the water's edge and the other separated by a distance of but a few feet. *Castle Rock,* which, we are told, was a lookout station for the Indians, rises 1,146 feet above the river.

This rock was not scaled by white men until 1901.

The waters of Multonomah Falls have a sheer drop of 800 feet into a great rock basin. These are the finest falls on the Columbia River. The spray-filled air gives out beautiful rainbow colors. A charming trail leads to the upper falls.

A little farther on we come to a gorge, *Oneonta,* which is like one great garden. It leads back into the hills for a distance of about one mile, and is carpeted with exquisite ferns and flowers.

CASCADES

It is claimed that at the Cascades, 45 miles east of Portland, a natural bridge once spanned the river, the ruins of which now lie in the river bed, obstructing the flow and impeding navigation.

The story as told by Balch in his " Bridge of the Gods " is as follows: " The red men tell how Mount Hood and Mount Adams, situated on opposite sides of the river, engaged in controversy, leading to a quarrel, and they resolved to engage in combat. Advancing to a common center, they met on the bridge.

Their combined weight was too much for the structure and it crumbled beneath its load. The conflict was thus avoided and the peaks returned to their respective places."

A canal has been constructed through these rapids, permitting steamers to pass.

Leaving the Cascades and passing through the gorge, we reach Hood River, the great glacial stream coming down from the mountain of the same name. The valley through which this river passes is famous both at home and abroad for its marvellous fruits, its apples especially.

'ASTORIA

There are many trips to the beach from Portland. At Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, the great water craft attract attention. Here the river is five miles wide and there are fine fisheries. Across the river from Astoria and extending from Columbia to Willapa Harbor, is a peninsula known as North Beach. This is a popular summer resort, with a superb beach, an unbroken stretch of sand 26 miles long and from 200 to 400 feet wide, according to the tides.

Any amount of exploring may be done on

the coast of Oregon, which is wild, rugged, and wooded in places almost to the water's edge.

Various trips on, or beside, the Willamette River, which flows into the Columbia 12 miles below Portland, can also be made from this city.

Continuing south from Portland, a fine view of Mount Shasta, 14,380 feet, one of the most beautiful of mountains, is enjoyed, and we pass through the lovely *Shasta Springs* country, and finally reach *San Francisco,* the greatest of the Western cities.

SHASTA SPRINGS

" The Springs are situated near the railroad tracks. The well-known Shasta Water is bottled and shipped from here.

" A scenic railway takes visitors from the station through the pine woods and beside running creeks and cascades to the Shasta Springs Hotel, situated on the plateau above. From Shasta Springs, a 50-mile private automobile boulevard has recently been constructed to the McCloud River. The journey over this road is one of indescribable beauty, with Mount Shasta in sight most of the way,

There are numerous other drives about Shasta Springs which invite the motorist. . . .

" From here the railroad continues to Sisson, a town at the foot of Mount Shasta. A point of interest is the State Fish Hatchery, which raises millions of fish each year, principally trout, and with them stocks the rivers and streams of California. This fish hatchery, which is open to the public, is the largest in the world. . . .

" Mount Shasta, usually ascended from Sisson, is practically a single cone of an extinct volcano. A road runs from Sisson to the timber line, whence the ascent is made by trail. It is the usual custom to camp for the night at the timber line, thus making the climb to the summit and return in one day. Guides for the trip can be secured at the hotels. The ascent is not especially difficult.

" From the summit of Mount Shasta there is one of the most magnificent views to be had anywhere, both in extent and variety of scenery. At the top of the mountain there are many evidences of the volcanic origin of the peak; steam still emerges from the higher crevices and molten sulphur bubbles out near the summit. There are also remarkable lava caves, caused by the cooling of the outer crust

of the lava, while the molten core flowed out. Some of these caves, or lava tubes, are very extensive, one being three-quarters of a mile long.'' *

* Drury, ''Tourist's Guide and Handbook to California.''

FEATHER RIVER CAÑON

To the south of Shasta County lies a beautiful and little-known region, the Feather River Cañon, which has all been opened up to the traveller of to-day by the Western Pacific Railway.

It is said that there is not any demand of the nature lover that cannot be fulfilled here, from the gently running woodland stream to the wildest foaming cataract dashing down the rugged sides of mountain heights.

We are told that the rivers and streams teem with bass and trout, but I cannot speak with authority on this subject, for I know no one who has fished these waters. The suggestion is given for what it is worth. The northwestern section of California is, I am sure, worthy of all that is said of it, and will undoubtedly soon be as crowded with tourists as many of the more popular parts of this truly wonderful State are to-day.

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE

Hot Springs Valley and the geyser country extend some 50 miles east of Mount Lassen as far as Mountain Meadows, and in this stretch there are over 2,000 geysers. This region is well named the Devil's Kitchen, or, as above, the Devil's Half Acre. "Boiling Lake, two miles from the geysers, is a pool of hot water 600 feet long and 300 feet wide, lying between two streams of lava and with banks 100 feet high," from which there seems to be but one small outlet. The elevation of the cone is about 6,000 feet above sea level.

"In this same region there is a 'fiery pool' which hurls into the air masses of sulphur as large as the body of a man, and yet rising out of all this, only five miles from this sulphurous pool, snow-covered and serene, stands Mount Lassen (10,437 feet altitude)."* This mountain "has four distinct summits, three of them conspicuous, rising to a height of 300 feet from the depression of the crater,

* Since this was written there have been numerous eruptions and the crest of Mount Lassen must be entirely changed.

showing very plainly the action of fire and flame in the decomposition of the soil and rock which form the mountain. The entire cone of Lassen is 2,000 feet above the gently sloping lava plateau which forms its base, and although it is somewhat sharp at the peak, every division is easily ascended. From the top the view is one of wonder. Seventy miles away gleams Mount Shasta; across a line of cones and craters 150 miles long sparkles the diamond crown of Mount Pitt. Westward and southward a vast ocean of ridges fall lower and lower into the Sacramento Valley, . . . and on a clear day the vista reaches as far south as San Francisco Bay. . . ." *

The Mohawk Valley is a unique spot. Here following the crest of the ridge for about 50 miles is a chain of small lakes (also reached by the Western Pacific Railway), the largest, less than two miles long, surrounded by wild mountain country and snow-clad peaks; along the northern shores stretch miles of ideal camping ground, with the promise of fine fishing and a profusion of flowers that would gladden the heart of any botanist.

* Genevieve Yoell Parkhurst.

SAN FRANCISCO

I shall not attempt to write of this great city, because I could not in any way do it or any other of the splendid Western cities justice in this small space; but as I said before, guides and maps of any of the big cities can be had, and let me here recommend to those desiring a very complete guide to the State of California, the "Tourist's Guide and Handbook," by Drury, of Berkeley, California. One must understand a little of the topography of San Francisco to appreciate its unusual advantages. The city is built upon a peninsula, which juts northward from the mainland, being bounded on the south by San Mateo, on the east by the San Francisco Bay and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

Sausalito, of which we will speak later, is situated upon a peninsula jutting southward from the mainland to the north, and bounded on the east and west as San Francisco is. The opening between these two points, one mile wide, is the *Golden Gate,* the world-famous

entrance to this beautiful *San Francisco Bay.* Those coming in by steamer will have the full benefit of the view of this great gateway. The bay is 50 miles long and 5 to 10 miles wide, and provides San Francisco with one of the finest harbors in the world. It is the *largest* land-locked harbor in the world.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The Bay is magnificently fortified. *Points Lobos* and *Bonita* are the two points reaching out into the Pacific Ocean, the former at the outer point of the crescent, which forms *Bonita Cove* to the north, and the latter at the outer point of the crescent, which forms *South Bay* to the south. These crescents extend like great arms into the Pacific Ocean, forming the outer bay. At the inner points are *Point Diablo* and *Fort Point,* both fortified and impressive looking. Those who are not able to take any of the many fine excursions on the San Francisco Bay and so really to see the Golden Gate, should make a point of visiting *The Presidio,* the United States Military Reservation, where the most wonderful view may be had far out over the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. I can think of

no finer view than this as seen from Fort Winfield Scott. I have watched the most dramatic of sunsets over this peaceful ocean.

The islands which lie in San Francisco Bay and are most noticeable from this city are know as Alcatraz, Angel and Yerba Buena Islands. They are the property of the U. S. Government.

On Alcatraz is the U. S. Military Prison. A permit, which is necessary to visit the Island, may be obtained from the depot quartermaster at No. 1086 North Point Street, San Francisco. Here permission may also be had to visit Angel Island, where there is a recruiting station, Fort McDowell.

On Yerba Buena, known as Goat Island, is a Government Naval Training School.

The Presidio is garrisoned by U. S. Infantry, Cavalry, Field Hospital and Ambulance Corps. The Reservation comprises 1,500 acres, and lies along the bay for four or five miles. This stretch is strongly fortified. Here may be seen, besides Fort Winfield Scott (as mentioned above), Fort McDowell, Fort Baker, Fort Miley and Fort Barry.

THE GOLDEN GATE PARK

The Golden Gate Park, of more than 1,000 acres, reached by almost any of the trolley lines, will require several visits. One could write pages of description and still give no adequate idea of its charm. Laid out on sand hills and reclaimed ground, it is planted with many most unusual trees, shrubs, flowers, etc., and has some 20 miles of the finest driveways.

The Japanese Tea Garden is just a bit of old Japan, worthy of any spot in that picturesque country. Here two dainty little Japanese ladies serve tea every afternoon. Admission to the garden is free, while one pays a small sum for the tea and rice cakes. A military band plays in the Park on Sundays and holiday afternoons. There are some fine statues. Especially unusual is *The Wine Press,* near the front of the Museum, by G. G. Park. *The Goethe-Schiller* is a replica of that before the theater at Weimar, Germany. On a small hill near Stone Lake stands *Prayer Book Cross,* erected by Mr. George William Childs, of Philadelphia, in commemoration of

the first English church service held on this continent in 1579. There are also in the Park a fine *Playground,* an *Aviary,* parks of *Buffalo, Deer* and *Elk,* a small but interesting *Museum* and several picturesque artificial lakes.

OCEAN BEACH

Ocean Beach, with its fine Cliff House, is a favorite resort. Sea bathing goes on here the year round by strong and expert swimmers only, the currents being dangerous. From the Beach, or the Terrace, in front of the Cliff House, the famous *Seal Rocks* are easily seen, where one may watch the antics of hundreds of sea lions. A little to the north of this, about 100 yards, are the *Sutro Baths* and *Sutro Gardens.* The former have superb swimming tanks and a most unusual museum. The Sutro Baths are said to be, from a sanitary point of view, the finest tanks in the world, as they are the largest. The warm tanks are drained and scrubbed daily. There is one large pool exclusively for women, the others are used for mixed bathing. The Gardens are private grounds, but through the courtesy of the owner, have been thrown open

to the public. They are most beautifully planted and there are many unusual statues to be seen here.

The picturesque *Dutch Windmills* in the Golden Gate Park were presented by a private citizen. They furnish water for the lakes, etc., in the Park.

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

" The main grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are along the bay shore immediately south of the Presidio, in the district known as Harbor View.

" Here will be held, from February 20th to December 4th, 1915, the greatest exposition the world has known. The total outlay will exceed $50,000,000. In the number and importance of exhibits it will surpass previous expositions, and the artistic conception of the plans, together with the natural beauty of the site, will make it particularly memorable.

" The Exposition site comprises a tract of approximately 625 acres, situated in a natural basin open toward the Bay and surrounded by low hills. It has a frontage of almost three miles along the water. There will be 13 main Exposition Palaces. In addition to the Festival Hall, these will be devoted to fine arts, education, manufactures, varied industries, machinery, liberal arts, horticulture, transportation, mines and metallurgy, auto-

mobiles and agriculture. Besides these, there will be the Government exhibit, the buildings of foreign countries and those of the States. Fully 50 acres of the Fair Grounds will be taken up with the gardens, presenting a magnificent horticultural display. The North Garden, or Esplanade, fronting the water, is to be known as *The Marina,* and through it will be the principal thoroughfare.'' *

At this Exposition the world will celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, the most tremendous piece of engineering which was ever undertaken, which has severed two great continents, only, we hope, to bring them nearer together than ever before.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS

From San Francisco must be made the trip to Mount Tamalpais (2,604 feet), crossing the Bay to Sausalito and from there taking the electric to *Mill Valley,* where one passes many charming homes. From here the ascent is made (about eight miles) by what, we are told, is the '' crookedest '' railroad in the world. Many superb views are had during this climb, one moment looking out across the

* Drury.

blue waters of the Bay, and the next piercing the black depth of forest, only to turn again to the sparkling sunlight in another moment. The view from the summit fully repays one for the trip, the Pacific Ocean stretching as far as the eye can reach on the one side, with the ships coming and going, and the San Francisco Bay, with its wonderful shore lines and well-built cities, on the other side.

MUIR WOODS

From a station part way up Mount Tamalpais a branch line runs to *Muir Woods,* surely one of the most beautiful bits of forest to be seen anywhere on this earth. I cannot worthily describe the Redwoods here—one must see them. Possibly the greatest charm of the place lies in the fact that these trees rise tall and erect above what to us in the East would be in itself a fine forest of oak, beech, maple, etc., the rich variegated foliage of the deciduous trees making a most charming contrast to the deep, dark green of the redwood. The trees grow in circular clusters, which is explained by the theory that the present trees are all off-shoots from giant trees which had stood there at some past time. What giants they

must have been! These circles are from 15 to 40 feet in diameter.

An exquisite stream flows through the Park and there is a fine driveway, but to enjoy it to the full one should walk through. It is said that the Redwoods will not thrive where the salt fogs cannot reach them. Here the soft, misty veil, which floats over the woods from time to time, is another of its charms. It is to Mr. William Kent, one of California's most worthy citizens, that we owe this Park. Hearing that it was for sale, he bought it, paying $80,000 for it, merely that it might not be destroyed, and presented it to the United States; having discovered an old law enabling the United States to accept gifts of "American antiquities," this collection was presented and accepted as such. The wish of the people was to call the Park, Kent Woods, but the modest donor insisted that it be named for Mr. John Muir, and so it is that it appears upon the map to-day as Muir Woods.

BELVEDERE

Another trip across the Bay by ferry brings us to Belvedere. This makes a most delightful afternoon's outing from San Francisco. This

little mountain of a peninsula rises up out of the water in the most picturesque way, and is one of the loveliest spots anywhere in this region. A collection of beautiful homes built up and down the sides of the hills, each with a garden more alluring than the last, makes the whole seem a veritable Eden. The planting goes down almost to the water's edge—truly a riot of color, all seeming one great garden, entwined about and laced together by the exquisite green tendrils of the soft mosses. Here are trees of all sorts, and vines of all sorts, and, it seems to me, birds of all sorts. A happy, merry, singing little spot.

MOUNT DIABLO

Another interesting trip brings us by ferry to Oakland, and from there, via the Southern Pacific Railroad, to Walnut Creek, from whence we drive about eight miles. This brings us about two-thirds of the way up Mount Diablo, which rises 3,850 feet above sea level. The remainder of the trip must be made either on foot or on horseback. The view from this summit is particularly fine because it is so extensive. On a clear day one may see all the way from Mount Lassen to the

north, to Mount Whitney to the south, the view extending over the great Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys.

SONOMA

Sonoma, some 40 miles north of San Francisco, reached by ferry and railway, is interesting as being one of the chief centers of the famous California vine-growing districts. In this region is Santa Rosa, the home of Luther Burbank, where he has large experimental gardens. Extensive work is also done on his farm eight miles west of Santa Rosa, near Sebastopol, called the Gold Ridge Proving Grounds. The Farm is open to visitors. One hears remarkably little of Mr. Burbank. Owing to his great modesty there has been much less published in regard to his wonderful successes than there should have been. His experiments in fruits and grains have brought to this country great fortunes, and his flowers, such as the wonderful Shasta Daisy and Fire Poppy, are known to all. While in Santa Rosa see the church which is built from the wood of *one* redwood tree.

OAKLAND

Oakland, five miles from San Francisco, is reached by ferry. This is another of California's big cities; therefore I shall treat it as I am treating all the cities—merely mention it and pass through it on the way to *Berkeley,* the seat of the *University of California.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

There are several entrances to the University grounds, and visitors are admitted by any of them. The University is delightfully situated on the lower slopes of the Berkeley Hills. The site comprises about 530 acres of land, which rises gradually from 200 feet above sea level to 1,300 feet. The University is well endowed, tuition is free to residents of California and $10.00 each half year to non-residents. There is to be in time a wonderful collection of buildings, some of which have already been put up. The chief sightseeing feature of the University is the *Greek Theater,* which seats 10,000 people. It was the gift of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, whose name, with that of Mrs. Phoebe A.

Hearst, can never be dissociated from this splendid institution. The Greek Theater alone would amply repay one for a trip to Berkeley.

While in these grounds notice the fine old oaks, said to be thousands of years old, and the tall, graceful eucalyptus trees growing around the Theater. There are several statues, but the one in bronze, by Douglas Tilden, who is deaf and dumb, which is known as the Football Player, is especially virile.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

Taking the Southern Pacific Coast Line from San Francisco, through San Mateo County, we come to *Palo Alto,* and from here can be reached the *Leland Stanford Junior University,* another great educational center, which, it is well known, was built and endowed by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford as a memorial to their only child. The driveway, of about one mile from the entrance to the main buildings, is most charmingly planted with palms; the grounds are beautifully kept on all sides. The group of buildings is probably as fine as any to be seen in this country.

The architecture is an adaptation of the old Spanish mission architecture, with long colonnades, graceful arches and picturesque red tile roofing. The inner quadrangle consists of 12 one-story buildings and the Memorial Church, connected by a continuous open arcade. The decorations of the church are very ornate. They were terribly damaged in the recent earthquake in 1906, but are being restored. There is a sadly inartistic group of statuary in the quadrangle.

SANTA CLARA AND MOUNT HAMILTON

Continuing our journey a little further south, we come to *Santa Clara* and see the *Mission* and *Roman Catholic University.* From here to San José (Hō-sai) one gets a most interesting glimpse of this famous prune-growing district in the lovely, fertile *Santa Clara Valley,* where may be seen miles and miles of these fine trees, regularly planted and irrigated. They claim to have the largest fruit cannery and fruit-packing house in the world. The very charming San José, still a little farther south, is one of California's old historic cities. From here there are a number

of trips to be made, either by carriage or electric car, the most important being *Mount Hamilton,* to see the *Lick Observatory.* A stage leaves San José daily, 7:30 A.M., making the trip (25 miles) in about five hours and taking a little less for the return. The road is good, the views very fine, and the trip altogether is one full of interest. For those who can spare the time, Saturday is the day to go up, as that night visitors are allowed to use the telescope. One can leave San José in the afternoon that day and return on Sunday morning. There is a small hotel only about two miles by foot-path, six miles by road, from the Observatory, where the night may be passed comfortably. This Observatory was endowed by James Lick, a Californian, whose body is buried under the great telescope.

BIG BASIN

From San José may also be reached the *California State Redwood Park,* known as *Big Basin*—a reservation of 7,000 acres and as beautiful a bit of woodland as one could ask to see, covered by trees larger than those of the Muir Woods. The name of the station

is *Big Trees.* These excursions, Santa Cruz, Big Trees, etc., may be made very comfortably from San Francisco, going down by the Southern Pacific Coast Line and passing through the Santa Clara Valley.

SANTA CRUZ

Santa Cruz is most delightfully situated at the north end of the Bay of Monterey. This is a great resort at all seasons of the year, and can boast of all the charms of any of these splendid Pacific Coast resorts. Here boating, fishing, etc., may be enjoyed. By automobile, carriage, trolley or on horseback, many interesting trips may be made.

MONTEREY

Monterey is situated at the most southern point of this beautiful bay, but *en route* as one passes through *Del Monte* a stop must be made. The Hotel Del Monte is one of the most famous on the Pacific Coast; of Swiss architecture and palatial splendor, it is large enough to accommodate many hundreds of guests; the grounds alone are worthy of a visit, forming as they do a beautiful park.

Whether one stays in this magnificent hotel or goes on to the more simple ones at either Monterey or *Pacific Grove,* the famous 17-mile drive must be taken. Automobiles start from any of these points.

Monterey is one of the most interesting spots in California historically, and is full of old landmarks. It was the capital of California until 1849. There are many historic buildings; among them, and perhaps the most interesting, is the old Spanish Custom House. The first Opera House of California is also pointed out, and we are told that Jenny Lind sang there. Lovers of R. L. Stevenson will be interested to see the very modest house which he inhabited during the period of his sojourn in Monterey, and from which he gave us some charming glimpses of those parts.

At Pacific Grove there are lovely beaches, and here, as at Santa Catalina Island, the glass-bottomed boats are hugely enjoyed, and as we gaze down through the clear salt water those lovely lines of Percival's come to us:

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine."

THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE

Leaving Monterey on this 17-mile drive with the Bay on our right, we pass around the curve (the shape of this bay has been well described as that of a great fishhook) through *Pacific Grove* to the point or barb of the hook, *Point Pinos,* upon which stands a fine lighthouse. Here a sharp turn is made, and we have a superb view out over the Pacific Ocean. A short stop is usually made at *Seal Rocks,* where we enjoy the frolics of these queer, playful creatures, of which at times scores may be seen. A little further on we come to *Cypress Point,* where grow the curiously crooked, gnarled old Monterey cypresses indigenous to this spot; with their flat umbrella-like tops, they somewhat resemble the cedar of Lebanon, but lack the height of the latter. Passing *Pescadero Point,* we come to *Pebble Beach,* on the lovely *Carmel Bay.* Here is a fine Lodge with a Grill-room, where refreshments are delightfully served. It is well to arrange to take luncheon or 5 o'clock tea here before going any further. *Carmel-by-the-Sea* is as lovely a spot as the name signifies. It is a settlement of artists

and literary people, with a picturesque little Inn (Pine Inn) and an unusually beautiful stretch of sparkling, snow-white beach. The Old Mission here is of exceptional interest, being the burial place of *Padre Junipero Serra,* the first of the Franciscan Monks who entered California, and established the first of their missions for the Indians in 1769. (See note on Missions, page 176.) The Scenic Boulevard, a newer drive than the famous old 17-mile drive, must not be overlooked. This road is built further inland and on higher ground, passing through many miles of beautiful woodland, where deer abound. I have seen as many as ten in one day.

The views on this drive are wonderfully fine, and there are about 40 miles of the best roadway. Here again is a paradise for motorists.

FOUR CENTRAL ROUTES

NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

New York Central Lines via Buffalo and Niagara Falls.
Pennsylvania R. R. via Pittsburgh.
Baltimore & Ohio R. R. via Philadelphia and Washington.
Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls.

The New York Central Lines operate the Twentieth Century Limited to Chicago, twenty-hour trip, extra fare $8.00. The Pennsylvania R. R. operates the Pennsylvania Limited, twenty hours to Chicago, extra fare $8.00.

From Chicago to San Francisco the following are the principal and most direct routes:

Via Omaha and the Union Pacific System to Ogden, thence Southern Pacific Co. to San Francisco.
Via Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R., with opportunity to visit the Grand Cañon.
Via Denver, Colorado Springs, and the American Rockies.
Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. to St. Paul, thence Canadian Pacific to Portland, Southern Pacific to San Francisco.

This arrangement was given to me at Thomas Cook and Sons, 245 Broadway, New York City, as the most usual arrangement, but of course tickets are drawn up to suit each individual.

THE CENTRAL ROUTES

The Central Routes, as I have called all except the Canadian Pacific and the Sunset Route, have one great advantage in that they are shorter. The run to Chicago may be made by our Twentieth Century Flyer in 20 hours from New York. From Chicago to Omaha runs another fine express, the Chicago and Northwestern, which makes this trip in 24½ hours; or to Kansas City, the Santa Fe "California Limited," in 12 hours. From these points west there are endless ways to go, and as I said before, each has its advantages. Your ticket may be so arranged as to take you over several different lines, all depending upon the points which you decide to visit.

DENVER

Going by one of the Central Routes, you can visit *Denver,* the capital of Colorado, situated on the South Platte River and only a few miles east of the Rocky Mountains. It is a fine, prosperous city. Denver boasts 300 days of sunshine yearly. From here the trip to *Estes Park* may be made.

ESTES PARK

This beautiful Park lies 7,500 feet above sea level, and can be reached in five hours from Denver by the Union Pacific Railway and automobile.

In the Park are splendid hotels, where the traveller is made welcome, and from which fine tours are made through such scenery as only our great West can boast, mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers; the views include many peaks of the Rocky Mountains—Long's, 14,270 feet; Ypsilon, 13,500 feet; Hague, 13,832 feet. Mountain climbing to the heart's content, hunting, fishing and all the quieter sports may also be enjoyed here. The roads make the motorist want more hours in the day.

The walks take us in two hours from flower-strewn meadows to glaciers.

There are countless trips to be made all around the city of Denver. If one only has a few hours here, the view from the top of the Equitable Building is perhaps the most satisfactory.

In a wonderful unbroken line to the west extend some 170 miles of the Rocky Mountains, with such great individual peaks as

Long's Peak, Pike's Peak, Torrey's Peak, 14,336 feet, as well as many others. All these great mountains may be ascended nowadays, some of the parties starting from Estes Park and others from elsewhere. (See "Mountaineering in Colorado," by F. H. Chapin, for information on this subject.)

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway makes a most charming tour called "Around the Circle," a four-day trip, stopping overnight at Durango, Silverton and Ouray. On this round we pass through four beautiful cañons, over three or four mountain passes, winding back and forth over 1,000 miles of the Rocky Mountains. The ticket is good for 60 days, so that the stops may be lengthened to suit any one.

COLORADO SPRINGS AND PIKE'S PEAK

Colorado Springs, to the south of Denver, with its sparkling life-giving air, is situated upon an elevated plateau, from whence may be had a superb view of Pike's Peak, 14,100 feet. This peak is probably the best known summit of the Rocky Mountains. It lies about six miles west of Colorado Springs. It

is ascended by a cog-wheel railway, the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, in about one and one-half hours, or by bridle path in six hours. On the summit there is a small Inn, where luncheon can be had. Here there is also the usual very acceptable telescope. The view is unusually fine, even for this wonderfully scenic region.

The ascent is only made during the summer months, there being too much snow in winter.

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

The Cheyenne Mountain Road may well be considered one of Colorado Springs' most beautiful trips. Passing around the base of Cheyenne Mountain, one lovely view after another is seen. The road rises pretty steadily and grows decidedly narrow, so narrow that only those with steady heads can really enjoy it. This drive takes us all the way to *Seven Lakes,* a distance of 22 miles, and by continuing five miles farther we come to Cripple Creek. (See page 81.)

From Colorado Springs the trip to the Cheyenne Cañons may be made. See especially the South Cañon, which can be reached by electric car. There is a small ad-

mission fee (50 cents), but there are countless beautiful walks here. An easy climb takes one up to the rim. If the tourist has driven to the Cañon, the driver may be told to go around to the rim, where he can await his party.

THE HIGH DRIVE

Another fine drive from Colorado Springs leads to *Bear Creek*. This is called the High Drive. It requires about three and one-half hours for the round trip, and very fully does it repay us, for the views are superb.

Another electric car trip, which is well worth while, takes us to Manitou, an interesting spot quite famous for its scenery and soda and iron springs.

The Cliff Dwellings here are picturesque, but uninteresting, as Baedeker tells us that they are only imitations, having been cut into the cliffs probably to attract the tourist.

From Manitou there are many charming walks. One is tempted especially to follow the trails leading to *Rainbow Cañon* and the *Cave of the Winds*.

THE MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

This most interesting spot is in the extreme southwest corner of Colorado, and can be visited on the "Circle Trip." (See page 75.)

The Reservation was set aside by order of Congress in June, 1906. The Park is 65 square miles, or 14,920 acres, in extent. Its highest point, Park Point, is 8,574 feet above sea level, and Point Lookout is 8,428 feet above sea level and 2,000 feet above the Montezuma Valley. It is reached by a 25-mile ride, or drive, from Mancos over a good trail, or Government road, which is being extended so that the entire trip may be made by carriage. It has been necessary heretofore to make the latter part on horseback.

The Park was established to protect the wonderful Cliff Dwellings of the Mancos Cañons, which are said to be among the most important remains of this mysterious race. There is one dwelling here in excellent preservation, others in varying stages of demolition. The age of these ruins is supposed to be from 500 to 1,000 years. To those

especially interested in this region and desirous of further information, I recommend Mr. T. H. Chapin's "The Land of the Cliff Dwellers."

"The principal and most accessible ruins are the Spruce Tree House, Cliff Palace, Balcony House and Tunnel House. Spruce Tree House is located in the head of Spruce Tree Cañon, a branch of Navajo Cañon. It originally contained about 130 rooms, built of dressed stone laid in adobe mortar, with the outside tiers chinked with chips of rocks and broken pottery. Cliff Palace is located about two miles east of Spruce Tree House, in a left branch of Cliff Cañon, and consists of a group of houses with ruins of 146 rooms, including 20 round kivas, or ceremonial rooms, and a tapering loopholed tower, forming a crescent of about 100 yards from horn to horn, which is reputed to be one of the most famous works of prehistoric man in existence. Balcony House, a mile east of Cliff Palace, in Ruin Cañon, contains about 25 rooms, some of which are in almost perfect condition. Tunnel House, about two miles south of Spruce Tree House, contains about 20 rooms and two kivas connected by an elaborate system of underground passages, and a burial ground of 5,000 square feet. In each of these

villages is an elaborate system of fortification, with, in some cases, walls two to three feet thick and 20 feet high, watchtowers 30 feet high and blockhouses pierced with small loopholes for arrows. . . .

"Parties visiting the ruins must make the trip from the foot of the Mesa to the ruins on horseback. The horseback trip over the trail is about 12 miles. Carriages or wagons, however, may be used from either Mancos, Cortez or Dolores as far as the foot of the Mesa. Suitable accommodations for travellers are provided at Spruce Tree Camp, the concessioners charging 75 cents for a meal and 50 cents for a cot in a tent." *

I should advise any traveller planning to visit one or more of the points of interest in the Southwest (I refer especially to the various Indian Reservations) to go well armed with literature. The U. S. Government circulars, from which the above is quoted, may be had from the Department of the Interior, and the Santa Fe Railroad provides really wonderful literature. (See also the list in the back of this book.)

* General Statement, 1913, Department of the Interior.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

The Garden of the Gods, 500 acres of land, interesting chiefly for its curious rock formation and wonderful colors, is reached from Colorado Springs, also the *Cripple Creek Gold District,* where a trip of unusual interest may be made.

Pueblo is a fine manufacturing town, "the Pittsburgh of the West." It is the outlet of a rich mining district. There is very little of interest here for the tourist. Perhaps one of the most interesting features is the curious ovens built like tiny mounds four or five feet high to be seen in the grounds of the Indians' houses and which are still used to bake their bread. There are also delightful parks.

THE CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS

At *Cañon City,* situated at the mouth of the *Cañon of the Arkansas,* if you happen to have taken the Denver and Rio Grande Scenic Railroad for this section of the trip, you leave the Pullman car and take your seat in a flat, uncovered observation car (during the summer months) and so pass through this

superb gorge. The next 10 miles take one through a bit of scenery worth going anywhere to see. There is a fine piece of engineering here. The train seems in spots to cling to the side of the gorge, and it is here that we cross the famous Hanging Bridge, the waters of the Arkansas dashing madly past. Strangers who have never been in this part of the world before may possibly be misled into thinking they are seeing the Grand Cañon while passing through this wonderful spot; but this Cañon of the Arkansas must not be confounded with the Cañon of the Colorado River, which is known all over the world as the *Grand Cañon.* It is a sad pity that the word *grand* has been used in connection with these lesser cañons. It is a misnomer, and I know that many people have been misled by it.

SALT LAKE CITY

Reaching *Salt Lake City,* it is necessary to give at least a day to this interesting place, with its Temple, Tabernacle and fine Assembly Hall. The trip from here to Ogden and across the great Salt Lake is an interesting experience. The water is said to contain 25 per cent of salt; the crystals, which form on any piece of floating spar, glisten in the sunlight like so many jewels. If you stop long enough, arrange for a dip in this buoyant water. It is very exhilarating. The colors to be seen here at sunset are wonderful.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

The Yellowstone National Park is situated in the extreme northwest corner of Wyoming, extending a few miles into Montana on the north and into Idaho and Montana on the west. The Reservation, set apart by act of Congress in 1872, is 5,500 square miles.

From Salt Lake City or Ogden this Park

is reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway or the Union Pacific in about 12 hours, but this trip, like so many of the others, will be arranged for you by whatever route you take. The Park may be approached from almost any direction, and whether it be from one of the many ticket offices that you buy your ticket west, or from one of the always-obliging Cook's officers, it can be so drawn up as to include any of these wonderful sights which you may wish.

The Northern Pacific Railway offers a splendidly arranged tour to and through the Park by way of Livingston, the Gate of the Mountains, and the Upper Yellowstone River to Gardiner, the original entrance to the Park, and only five miles from Mammoth Hot Springs, the official headquarters of the Park. This railroad has published for the benefit of tourists a most complete circular, giving a six-day tour, with trips, hours, prices, etc. The Denver and Rio Grande and Union Pacific offer equally attractive tours.

The Yellowstone Park season is from June 15th to September 15th. Allow $10.00 to $12.00 per day for your time in the Park. That will cover drives, hotel expenses, etc. If possible give to this place of so many unusual interests five or six days at least. It

is not necessary to suggest what shall be seen here, for the trips are all arranged for you, and no one who goes to the Park should leave without making the complete tour. The Geysers, the Lake, the Cañon and the Mammoth Hot Springs!—places once seen, impossible to forget.

The tours of the Park are made by stage, all well organized and well conducted. The roads are fine Government roads, charmingly laid out and splendidly built. They are well sprinkled to keep down the dust. There is really no choice as to the entrance of this great Park, for whether one approaches it from the north, south, east or west, the tour of the Park is the same. There are splendid hotels at all of the important points, so that one may stay and see at leisure all these great phenomena.

Words cannot tell the impressiveness of the Geysers. One may sit comfortably on the veranda of Old Faithful Inn and watch one eruption after another, repeated endlessly. But with every change of light, early morning, noontide, at sunset or by moonlight, they are seen with new interest, and on the moonless nights the visitors are called to see some of these great spouts with the rays of a powerful searchlight upon them.

Old Faithful, which is described as the most perfect illustration of geyseric phenomena and whose curious fascination and real beauty cannot be described, plays every 70 minutes to a height of 125 to 150 feet, the eruptions lasting about five minutes.

The Giant Geyser, generally conceded to be the finest in the Park, throws its great volume of water to a height of 250 feet, playing irregularly about three times a month and lasting about 90 minutes.

The Castle Geyser, so named for its beautifully formed crater, only plays once every 26 or 27 hours, but lasts from 25 minutes to three-quarters of an hour. This is truly an awe-inspiring sight.

The Riverside Geyser is among the favorites. Standing on the right bank of the Firehole River, it throws its spray into the air in a beautiful, graceful arch across the water of the river, playing every seven hours and lasting about seven minutes, and almost invariably displaying wonderful rainbow colors.

There is a plateau a quarter of a mile in extent, covered with hot pools, each of the most marvellously brilliant colors—reds, greens, yellows, etc.,—perhaps the most beautiful of all being the one known as the Morning Glory Pool, so named from its

curious shape, resembling this well-known flower.

In the Yellowstone Cañon we have another riot of color, said by many to rival the colors of the Grand Cañon. The walls in this cañon are divided by a space of many miles at the top, which narrows down to three-quarters of a mile at the base, where the foaming waters dash between them, and here all the fragments of the lost rainbows seem to have been collected.

There are many fine mountain peaks, the finest being Mount Washburn, with an elevation of 10,346 feet, named for General H. D. Washburn, the head of the Washburn-Doane exploration party, who first climbed it in 1870. From here one gets the best view of the Park as a whole.

This Park is a famous animal preserve. Elk, deer, buffalo and bear thrive here. The bears cause great entertainment, coming down to the hotels to feed upon whatever may be offered them by the visitors; having been protected so long, they have no fear. These bears were utilized by Mr. Seton-Thompson in his animal stories, and many who are not familiar with them in any other way will recall those tales.

Of all our National Parks this is far the

largest. It is also the highest and coolest. We are told that frosts occur there every month of the year. Mr. Muir says of it:

"The air is electric and full of ozone; healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead.

"It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in. Camping on the shores of the lakes in the warm openings of the woods, golden with sunflowers, on the banks of the streams, by the snowy waterfalls, beside the exciting wonders or away from them in the scallops of the mountain walls sheltered from every wind, on smooth, silky lawns enameled with gentians, up in the fountain hollows of the ancient glaciers between the peaks, where cool pools and brooks and gardens of precious plants charmingly embowered are never wanting. . . .

"Again and again amid the calmest, stillest scenery you will be brought to a standstill hushed and awe-stricken before phenomena wholly new to you. Boiling springs and huge deep pools of purest green and azure water, thousands of them, are splashing and heaving in these high, cool mountains as if a fierce furnace fire were burning beneath each one of them; and a hundred geysers, white torrents of boiling water and steam, like inverted

waterfalls, are ever and anon rushing up out of the hot, black underworld.

" Some of these ponderous geyser columns are as large as sequoias—5 to 60 feet in diameter, 150 to 300 feet high—and are sustained at this great height with tremendous energy for a few minutes, or perhaps nearly an hour, standing rigid and erect, hissing, throbbing, booming, as if thunderstorms were raging beneath their roots. . . . No frost cools them, snow never covers them . . . winter and summer they welcome alike . . . faithfully rising and sinking in fairy rhythmic dance night and day, in all sorts of weather, at varying periods of minutes, hours or weeks. . . . The largest and one of the most wonderfully beautiful of the springs is the Prismatic, which the guide will be sure to show you. With a circumference of 300 yards, it is more like a lake than a spring.

" The water is pure deep blue in the center, fading to green on the edges, and its basin and the slightly terraced pavement about it are astonishingly bright and varied in color. This one of the multitude of Yellowstone fountains is of itself object enough for a trip across the continent. . . . Near the Prismatic Spring is the great Excelsior

Geyser, which is said to throw a column of boiling water 60 to 70 feet in diameter to a height of from 50 to 300 feet at irregular periods. This is the greatest of all the geysers yet discovered anywhere. The Firehole River, which sweeps past it, is, at ordinary stages, a stream about 100 yards wide and three feet deep; but when the Geyser is in eruption, so great is the quantity of water discharged that the volume of the river is doubled, and it is rendered too hot and rapid to be forded. . . ."

But I could quote this great nature lover indefinitely. He is absolutely fascinating on any of these subjects. See for yourself "Our National Parks," by John Muir, and if you are going West, as he would have you go, quietly, with time to draw near to nature, to read and to think, take a copy of his book with you.

Mr. Muir uses his pen as a great artist uses his brush, his descriptions are the most exquisite of pictures.

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

"To the traveller in the swiftly-flying trains of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad (Salt Lake Route) a few words of history may be of interest.

"For nearly the entire distance this short line between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles follows the trail of the Mormons pioneers, who in 1851 journeyed from Utah to San Bernardino, California, to found in the Valley of the Arrowhead a new colony of the Mormon people.

"Behind the ox-team on the old trail came the lumbering prairie schooner, guarded before, behind and on both sides by riflemen; bearing beneath its curtains the precious freight of wives and children, who followed, for four weary months, the hardy pioneers of the West into the Land of Promise. To-day over almost the same trail roll the well-lighted, comfortably-cushioned cars of the Salt Lake Route, hotels on wheels, bearing the wanderer in comfort such as he knows only at home through a land the like of which exists nowhere else on earth.

" Leaving Salt Lake City, trains of the Salt Lake Route pass along the shore of the great Salt Lake, a vast inland sea whose presence has never been explained and whose wonders have never half been told.

" Rounding the shoulder of the Oquirrh Range, the line passes into the mining districts from which much of Utah's mineral wealth is obtained and which has contributed materially to the upbuilding of Salt Lake City.

" Thence to the Nevada border, the former desert conditions are fast giving way to agricultural development by irrigation and dry farming, the rich soil showing surprising results within a short time after operations have been commenced.

" Immediately after crossing the line between Utah and Nevada the character of the country changes, and for many miles the way is through a series of cañons, many gorgeously colored and of rugged, fantastic scenic beauty.

" About midway in this mountain region is the Valley of Caliente, so called from the hot springs there existing. The town is a division point of the Salt Lake Route.

" Immediately after leaving Caliente myriad-hued buttes rise on every side; along

the track flows a river; on every hand great gashes sear their way back into the heart of a wilderness of hills more beautiful than the famed ' Bad Lands ' of Wyoming.

" Somber grays and browns of lower slopes give way to blues and greens and reds and yellows on the upper shelves of the buttes, until all finally merge in the most gorgeous of all the panoramas on the way westward—Rainbow Cañon. Down this gorge, carved by the mad water centuries ago, its wall a jumbled mass of ores and igneous rock, all garbed in such shades as no painter ever dared mix on his palette, the Salt Lake Route train plunges, 100 miles from its last stop at Caliente.

" Just before leaving the cañons, at Rox Station, is the famous pictured rock, carved with mysterious symbols of a vanished race and supposed to be a record of the passing through this cañon of the Spanish conquistadores in 1540.

" Out of this cañon the train rolls down into the rich Las Vegas Valley, its settlement founded more than a hundred years ago by the Spanish padres and later given over to Mormon settlers, who have in turn been followed by other settlers attracted

by the fertile soil and abundant artesian water supply.

"Las Vegas is a Spanish word, meaning 'The Meadows,' and from here the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad leads off to the great mining districts of Goldfield and contiguous territory.

"From Las Vegas to the San Bernardino Mountains, in California, the real desert is traversed. While not notable for scenic attractions, at certain times of the year the desert is beautiful with a great variety of flowers, and portions of it, such as the Devil's Playground, with swirling sands, and the Mojave (pronounced Mō-hāvi) River Cañon, with its fantastic rock formation, are interesting features of the traveller's journey.

"Crossing the mountains through Cajon Pass, the real California, with its orange groves, palms and flowers, is first seen near San Bernardino. On the left is Arrowhead Mountain.

"Heavy with Indian and white men's legends is this Arrowhead. From it the famous Arrowhead Hot Springs, nearby, were named, and from it the Salt Lake Route took its equally famous trademark. Clear and distinct, regular in outline, as if carved with

some Titan's chisel, this strange landmark has been a puzzle to geologists. How it came there, or when, no man knows.

"From San Bernardino to Los Angeles is a continuous panorama of thriving cities, set in the midst of thousands of acres of orange and lemon groves, wine grape vineyards, walnut and peach orchards and truck farms, the towering Sierra Madres guarding the northern side of the valleys." *

Taking up the thread westward again from Salt Lake City, crossing the great Salt Lake Desert and Nevada to Derby, we begin the long climb of the ridge of the Sierra Nevada following the Truckee River, which is crossed many times. This climb is a most interesting experience, though the miles of snowsheds through which the train passes become a little tiresome.

* Mr. T. C. Peck, S. P., L. A. & S. L. R. R.

LAKE TAHOE

Taking the Southern Pacific, we go so near the beautiful *Lake Tahoe* that those who can will do well to stop at Truckee, and, taking the train of the Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Company, follow this lovely

mountain stream down to the Lake (15 miles). You will be made most comfortable at the Tahoe Tavern; in fact, here, as in all the fine Western hotels, one may enjoy every luxury.

This clear, sparkling gem of a lake lies 6,225 feet above sea level: it is 23 miles long and 13 miles wide. Its beauty cannot be exaggerated. It is as lovely as Italy's Lake Como, and while the mountains rise round Como to a height of 7,000 feet, these great peaks of the Sierra Nevadas have an elevation of 11,120 feet. Then, too, these comparatively little known marvels of North America's great West are ours, while those scenic spots which we all so enjoy in Europe can be only, so to speak, borrowed pleasures.

Returning to the main line, we enjoy from the train several fine views of *Donner Lake,* and continue to ascend to Summit Station, on the Sierra Nevada Ridge, where we go through a long tunnel and descend on the California side of this snowy range, " to find ourselves, almost before we know it, among the brilliant blooms of the Pacific slope."

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

Going West by the Northern Pacific, connections with which may be made from Chicago, we pass through North Dakota and Montana. On this route the trip to the Yellowstone National Park (see page 83) is very comfortably made.

Crossing a spur of the Rocky Mountains just west of Livingston, where Lewis and Clark crossed in 1806, we pass through Gallatin Valley, a famous barley-raising region. Here are over 100 miles of irrigating canals.

At Bozeman the Montana State Agricultural College is located.

LEWIS AND CLARK CAVERN

Near the great mining city of Butte is the Lewis and Clark Cavern (one of the National Monuments), presented to the United States Government by the Northern Pacific Railway. Here the huge and really beautiful caves attract many visitors.

Near Butte are also the Pipe-stone Hot Springs and Boulder Hot Springs.

THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY, MONTANA

The Bitter Root Valley, at the foot of which Missoula lies, is one of the rich and beautiful Western valleys and is interesting historically. Lewis and Clark traversed the valley in 1805-06 and some of their greatest hardships were encountered in crossing Bitter Root Mountains.

The point where their trail turned into the range is about 12 miles above Missoula.

At Stevensville, about 28 miles up this valley, Father De Smet established his first Mission to the Salish, or Flathead, Indians in 1841. The old church, St. Mary's, still stands and is used at intervals. The Indians were removed from here many years ago.

The Valley has a great reputation for its fruits and vegetables.

At Ravalli, on the Flathead Indian Reservation, the Government has established a Bison Preserve of about 18,000 acres, with a herd of from 75 to 100 of these fine creatures. This Reservation is reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad from Arlee, Montana, a drive of four and one-half miles.

PEND D'OREILLE

From the Reservation to Pend d'Oreille we follow the Clark Fork of the Columbia River. Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho, is one of the crystal gems of the West, another of the many very beautiful bodies of water in the Rocky Mountains. It is 55 miles long and from 2 to 15 miles wide. The sparkling waters of this lake fill what was a deep mountain cañon. Soundings have been made to the depth of 4,000 feet without finding bottom. Exquisitely wooded mountains rise from the water's edge, forming a wonderful setting.

Lake Cœur d'Alene, the source of the Spokane River, is another lovely spot in Idaho. Here may be seen many fine summer homes.

Through wild and rugged scenery we reach Spokane, and beyond cross the beautiful Columbia River and enter the great Yakima Valley, another perfection of irrigation.

SPOKANE

Spokane, which used to be a trading post, is now a fine, big city.

Fort Wright, one of the modern military posts of the United States Government, is on the outskirts of the city on the bank of the Spokane River.

Finally, crossing the Cascade Range and passing down through the Green River Cañon, we reach Seattle or Tacoma, at the extreme south of Puget Sound. From here down to San Francisco we may continue by rail, taking the splendid "Shasta Limited" (see page 41), or by steamer down the coast, a charming trip either way.

Again, this trip may be varied by leaving the main line at Pasco, Washington, and taking the famous "North Bank" Road of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway, along the Columbia River to Portland. The mountains, cataracts, the cascades and The Dalles of the river are here seen at their best. (See page 43 for Columbia River trip.)

THE SANTA FE

" One of the very best trains running west is the Santa Fe, which is pretty nearly perfect in its equipment and service. This road has probably done more for the West than any other. In going from San Francisco down to Los Angeles the Santa Fe track climbs gradually up the San Joaquin Valley. From Bakersfield, the metropolis of the central valley, the road ascends more steeply and with many a winding curve to the Tehachapi Pass. Sand comes into the landscape, and cacti, and after negotiating some surprising loops and tunnels in our descent to the southwest, we get our first view of the Mojave Desert.

" Occasionally friendly oases mark the homes of adventurous settlers, and on either hand scarred mountain faces proclaim the conquering miner, who, seeking gold, is undismayed by nature's forbidding front. Every railway line in the United States from the Pacific Coast to the East, must cross the desert section, which stretches all the way from British Columbia to Old Mexico. The

Mojave Desert is the narrowest, and is traversed with the minimum of discomfort, both because of the short mileage and the oil-sprinkled roadbed of the Santa Fe.

" ' The Angel ' is the name of the train you are on—a fast limited train that makes the run from San Francisco to Los Angeles mainly by night. At Barstow you leave the main line for Southern California.

" The most interesting trip for a visitor in Southern California, whose time is limited, is over what is known as the ' Kite-shaped Track ' of the Santa Fe. The track is in the shape of two loops, the smaller end from San Bernardino to Redlands, and the larger, to the west, from San Bernardino to Los Angeles. The city of Saint Bernard is old, as reckoned in California, having been settled by Mormons from Salt Lake in the fifties.

" The smaller loop of the railroad runs around the upper end of the Santa Ana Valley. Here, in the foothills, overlooking a panorama of mountain and valley, lies Redlands, an orchard city scarce 25 years of age, and boasting the finest of oranges. Here is Smiley Heights Drive, noted for its winding roads and splendid views, and many charming winter homes of wealthy people. Returning around the loop, close to the foothills, the

train passes Highland. San Bernardino is again reached, and the train runs southward on its spin around the lower branch of the loop.

"Arizona is a land of prodigious mountain terraces, extensive plateaus, profound cañons and flat, arid plains, dotted with gardens of fruits and flowers, patched with vast tracts of pine timber and veined with precious stones and metals, alternating with desolate beds of lava, bald mountainous cones of black and red volcanic cinder, grass-carpeted parks, uncouth vegetable growths of the desert, and bleak rock spires, above all which white peaks gleam radiantly in almost perpetual sunlight.

"We rise by easy grades until we are a mile above the sea, the time changing one hour at Seligman. At Ash Fork the main line of the Santa Fe may be left for a detour into the garden of Arizona, to Prescott and Phœnix, and the Salt River Valley. In a distance of about 300 miles the traveller is afforded a glimpse of every variety of scenery typical of the State. There are black, barren mountains, and mountains covered with forests of pine and cedar, on whose slopes are seen the dumps of world-famous mines.

WOLPI AND ORAIBI

" By stopping off at Winslow, which is a Harvey ' Eating-house ' oasis, we may comfortably visit the province of Tusayan, as it was called under the Spanish rule, or the three mesas upon which are the seven Hopi villages, or pueblos. It is about 70 miles across the desert to Wolpi or Oraibi (see page 133), the principal pueblos, and the team and driver will cost probably $5.00 a day for a party of four, who provide their own blankets and provisions. The journey, including as it does the famous ' Painted Desert ' (see page 128), is full of interest, and is an event in the globe trotter's lifetime. It requires two days' time each way, and three days at the pueblos, or a week from the railway, to make this unique trip to the homes of the Children of the Sun.

" The aboriginal races of America present many problems worthy of study, and are perhaps the most picturesque, as their fathers were the most warlike among all the races of men. Protected by the deserts and mountain chains upon either side, and being guiltless

of the possession of gold, the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico managed to retain the manners and customs and much of the independence of their ancestors of centuries past, while they have been protected by the Government from the savage onslaughts of the predatory tribes. They are American citizens by right of treaty and possess nearly 1,000,000 acres of land.

" Whether our journey be made in winter, spring, summer or autumn, we are sure to intrude upon (for they are not to be considered in any sense as ' shows ') one or more of the great ceremonials, usually an invocation for rain, a propitiation of the gods of the winds for bountiful harvests or a general thanksgiving for protection, with the brilliant public pageant at the close. But smile not at the curious sand altars, with the ' *tiponi* ' or palladium of the fraternity, the childlike ' *bahos* ' and ' *nakwakwosi,*' or prayer-sticks and offerings, nor let the ears or eyes be offended by the chanting of the songs to the gods of sun, of winds and of rain, or the ceremonial dances of the priests, for they are serious affairs to the native participants.

" A visit to the two pueblos of Laguna and Acoma (see page 141) and the famous Mesa Encantada, or enchanted mesa, necessi-

tates but a single break in the journey after leaving Gallup for Albuquerque. Although the town is near the railroad and the Spanish priest and the missionary have brought the new religion, there are many evidences of a vigorous native life with opportunities to study it at close range. With the exception of the Acoma pottery, that of Laguna is the best offered to the tourist along the line of the Santa Fe Railway.

NEW MEXICO

"We begin to realize that this is an old country rather than a new. Americans are prone to talk of the 'Settlement Period,' of Bradford and Brewster, of Captain John Smith and Henry Hudson. But it is well to remember that nearly a century before the *Half Moon* sailed up the Hudson or the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor in Massachusetts Bay, the mailed warriors of Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado had discovered the terraced cities of Zuñi, where men were clothed in cotton and wool of their own weaving, lived in stone houses and cultivated the soil.'

ALBUQUERQUE

"At Albuquerque we find ourselves in a half-American and half-Mexican city of 15,000 inhabitants. It is a junction point of the Santa Fe and the metropolis of New Mexico. Here is a fine Fred Harvey hotel, the Alvarado, striking in architecture and luxuriously furnished. Many travellers stop off here for a day to break the journey and 'rest up.' A special attraction which the Alvarado offers not to be found elsewhere on the line, except at El Tovar, is a fine collection of Indian relics and products. In Hopi, Navajo, Zuñi, Apache, Pima and Mexican treasures this collection is exceedingly rich, and is well worthy the study of the ethnologist, more than justifying a halt at the attractive inn that houses it so worthily. If one is fortunate, too, he may see Navajo and Hopi weavers, potters, silversmiths and basketmakers engaged in their various crafts.

SANTA FE

" Santa Fe, or to give the sonorous name in full, ' La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis,' which shows a common origin with San Francisco of the coast, lies at the base of a mountain range nearly 2,000 feet higher than Albuquerque, a few miles off the main line of travel, on a branch line. Lamy is the main line junction point, where one changes cars to reach Santa Fe, and here is another Harvey station hotel, El Ortiz. When first visited by the Spanish, about 1540 (a century before Boston was settled), the town was a populous Indian pueblo. You may read its varied history in the guide books and study its priceless records in the old territorial ' Palace.' The Casa Viejo, or old house, where Coronado is said to have lodged in 1540, and the Church of San Miguel, which was sacked in 1680, are not distinguishable from their surroundings by any air of superior age. All is old, a bit of desiccated Granada of the sixteenth century. Little wonder that this is the center of archæological research in America!

" Santa Fe is also noted as having been the western terminus of the old Santa Fe Trail, which, in the days before the railroad came, ran across the plains from Kansas City through a country occupied by hostile Indians. The present Santa Fe line closely parallels that tract and its continuation westward to California.

WILLIAMS

" Fray Marcos, the station hotel at Williams, under Harvey management, is up to the Santa Fe standard of excellence. It is built with wide porticoes, like an old Spanish mission, and has pleasant guest-rooms. The restaurant, lobby and large Indian-room are tastefully furnished in arts and crafts style.

" While the Grand Cañon may be reached by private conveyance from Flagstaff, in open weather, the main travel is by way of Williams. The railway terminus at Bright Angel is in the middle of the Granite Gorge District. From there one may reach by carriage the eastern and western ends thereof, at Grand View and Bass's. Cataract Cañon, rock fortress home of the Supai Indians, lies

still farther west, while north of Grand View is the Little Colorado Country and the 'Painted Desert' (see page 128).

"A quarter of a million dollar hotel, El Tovar, under management of Fred Harvey, occupies a site 7,000 feet above sea level, close to the Cañon rim, at the railway terminus, and not far from the head of Bright Angel Trail. El Tovar is a rustic edifice, solidly built of native boulders and pine logs. It contains more than 100 sleeping-rooms, with accommodations for nearly 300 guests. All the luxuries are provided, such as electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water, room telephones, baths, private dining rooms, a solarium and music.

"To accommodate those desiring less expensive quarters Bright Angel Camp has been opened as an adjunct to El Tovar, under Harvey management, on the European plan.

"Adjacent is an unique structure occupied by Hopi and Navajo Indians, who here engage in their curious handicrafts. In this building also are installed several costly Indian blanket and basket collections. Nearby are several 'hogans,' where a number of Navajos live. Expert basket weavers and pottery makers are found here.

HERMIT RIM ROAD

"The most remarkable driveway in the world, Hermit Rim Road, extends from El Tovar westward along the cañon rim nine miles to head of Hermit Basin, by way of Hopi, Mojave and Pima points. It is 30 feet wide, with central section of crushed rock, rolled hard, making a smooth and dustless boulevard.

"Imagine riding for miles along the top of a wall which drops straight down 2,000 feet, with just below that another drop of 1,500 feet! The view takes in the north rim, the temples between and the tawny Colorado.

"Hermit Trail has been constructed from the end of Hermit Rim Road, seven miles down Hermit Basin and Creek to the plateau. This new and safe trail is four feet wide, with easy grades." *

* Mr. W. H. Simpson, A., T. & S. F. R. R.

THE UNION PACIFIC

The Union Pacific Railroad has two main gateways, one at Omaha, the other at Kansas City, Missouri, from each of which there are operated several through trains daily to the Pacific Coast. The " Overland Limited " is a well-equipped, first-class, extra-fare, daily train from Chicago to San Francisco, which makes the trip in 64 hours; the " Pacific Limited," no extra fare, in 72 hours.

This railroad has done its utmost to protect its travellers, having double tracks over three-fourths of its main line, the roadbed ballasted with dustless Sherman gravel and protected by automatic electric block safety signals, which things add to the comfort and safety of the tourist.

Denver and Salt Lake City may be visited *en route* without additional cost.

Practically any of our great Western Parks or scenic attractions may be reached by this road.

Now, since we have considered in more or less detail the crossing of this great North

American continent from east to west via the extreme northern routes, also via the central routes, let us consider the extreme southern route, commonly known as the Sunset Route.

SUNSET ROUTE

Leaving any of the great far Eastern cities, one may go direct to New Orleans either by land or water and from there along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, across Texas and the northern border of Mexico, skirting the southwest of New Mexico through Benson, Arizona, to Tucson (pronounced Toosohn), the largest city in the State, where the University of Arizona is, also an agricultural experimental station and an interesting Desert Botanical Laboratory in connection with the Carnegie Institute.

From Maricopa, a few miles west of Tucson, a branch line runs to Phœnix, from where the Grand Cañon trip is most easily made. (See page 120.) Phœnix is a garden spot nowadays through irrigation. Near here is the great Roosevelt Dam, 286 feet high and some 800 feet long, which has been the means of turning this desert into one of the finest of orchards.

Continuing westward, we reach Redlands Junction and on to Los Angeles. (For places of interest between Los Angeles and San Francisco, see page 163.)

SACRAMENTO

Sacramento, the capital of California, is situated on the east bank of the Sacramento River. The city is finely laid out, with wide, handsome streets. The most important building, which attracts the eye before the tourist reaches the city, is the State Capitol, with a beautiful dome, which instantly recalls that of the National Capitol. The surrounding country is most interesting. From Sacramento down to the mouth of the river the banks are like one great garden. Here we get our first view of the beautifully-kept olive groves, the soft gray-green of the foliage reminding us of Italy.

From here many charming trips can be made, this being one of the railway centers for the interior of California. Electric lines also run from here in almost every direction.

LODI AND THE CALAVERAS BIG TREES

About 30 miles south of Sacramento lies *Lodi,* one of the largest grape-growing centers of the State, and from here, by the Valley Spring branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, may be reached the *Calaveras Big Trees* and the Mining District made familiar to many through Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" and Bret Harte's "Bellringer of Angels." These writers both lived in the small town of Angels, Calaveras County.

The Calaveras Grove of Big Trees is the farthest north of any of the Big Tree groves, and was the first of these forests discovered. Here may be seen some of the finest specimens of this woodland monarch.

There are about 100 trees ranging from 300 to 375 feet in height and from 70 to 90 feet in circumference. From here one may drive to the most important of all the groves in point of number, *South,* or *Stanislaus, Grove,* where the trees are not nearly as large, but where there are said to be over 1,000 of them.

In both of these groves, as in the well-known Mariposa Groves, one sees traces of the great damage done by fire. The trees are now carefully guarded, and it is to be hoped that fires from carelessness may never happen again. The average American citizen is being more and more awakened to the value of the great nature wonders and their preservation each year, and yet, as I write these words, I am sadly reminded of the fact that Congress has this month given permission to the citizens of San Francisco to flood our beautiful Hetch-Hetchy Valley and use it as a reservoir. They tell us it is for the best. Man is going to make a wonderful spot of this wild valley!

MURPHYS

At *Murphys,* in the Calaveras district, there is quite a remarkable cave, discovered by the miners in 1850, where there are some curious formations and stalactites.

A wonderful trip by motor from Sacramento is made via the new State Road, or what is there known as the "Wishbone Route." The drive covers 275 miles, going from Sacramento to Donner Lake and Truc-

kee, then 15 miles along the very beautiful Truckee River to Tahoe Tavern, that enticing spot mentioned on page 96. On the return trip the drive follows the lake shore for about 25 miles, coming back to the State Road and through Placerville to Sacramento.

The Yosemite Valley (see page 147) may be reached more easily from Sacramento or San Francisco than from elsewhere, but let me mention here that no matter which way you want to approach the Yosemite, or any of the Government Parks, the railroad officials take the greatest pains to arrange these trips. I found them interested to a remarkable degree. Whether it was for a two-day stop or a week, no amount of trouble seemed too much for them to take. They will make out schedules for each day, telling one how best to dispose of every hour. This is the greatest help to the traveller who has little time and who as usual wants to make the most of it.

"I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plum-full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace o' the world piled on top."

SERVICE.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado! How shall I try to write upon this subject in few words?—the world's most famous gorge, in which, says Charles F. Lummis, "all the world's famous gorges could be lost forever."

Read what Charles Dudley Warner has said of this spot:

"Human experience has no prototype of this region, and the imagination has never conceived of its forms and colors. . . . The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves. . . . All that we could comprehend was a vast confusion of amphitheaters and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. . . . Streaks of solid hues 1,000 feet in width, yellows mingled with white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine and green all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent effusion of splendor."

Here is undoubtedly one of the most marvellous nature wonders of the world, and how comparatively few of us know it. It is stupendous! It is incomprehensible! The

Cañon lies chiefly in Arizona, though Utah, Nevada and California each claim a corner. It is nearly 300 miles long and in places 6,600 feet deep; the width at the top is from 8 to 20 miles. The river lying below is in places 300 feet wide, and is 2,400 feet above sea level, yet looking down from the rim it seems the smallest stream, the merest thread.

Mr. George Wharton James in his "The Grand Cañon of Arizona" makes practical suggestions as to how best to see it. In Chapter VI he gives a sketch of how best to spend two days, another for a three-day stop, and still another for a four- or five-day stay. But here again the railroads, or Mr. Harvey of the splendid El Trovar Hotel, will arrange each day for you. The Santa Fe trains run twice a day to the rim of the Cañon at Bright Angel Trail. This big modern hotel, with every comfort, occupies a site 7,000 feet above sea level and quite near the Cañon rim, commanding such a view as can hardly be equalled in the world.

Mr. C. A. Higgins in his "The Titan of Chasms" says:

"The early Spanish explorers first reported it (the Colorado River) to the civilized world in 1540, two separate expeditions becoming acquainted with the river for a com-

paratively short distance above its mouth, and another, journeying from the Moqui Pueblos (Hopi) northwestward across the desert, obtaining the first view of the Big Cañon, failing in every effort to descend the Cañon wall and spying the river only from afar.

" Again in 1776 a Spanish priest, travelling southward through Utah, struck off from the Virgin River to the southeast and found a practicable crossing at a point that still bears the name ' Vado de los Padres.'

" For more than 80 years thereafter the Big Cañon remained unvisited except by the Indian, the Morman herdsman and the trapper, although the Sitgreaves expedition of 1851, journeying westward, struck the river about 150 miles above Yuma, and Lieutenant Whipple in 1854 made a survey for a practicable railroad route along the 35th parallel, where the Santa Fe Pacific was afterwards constructed. . . . In 1869 Major Powell undertook the exploration of the river with nine men and four boats, starting from Green River City, on the Green River, in Utah.

" The project met with the most urgent remonstrance from those who were best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who maintained that boats could not possibly live in any one of a score of rapids

and falls known to them, to say nothing of the vast unknown stretches in which at any moment a Niagara might be disclosed. It was also currently believed that for hundreds of miles the river disappeared wholly beneath the surface of the earth.

"Powell launched his flotilla on May 24th and on August 30th landed at the mouth of the Virgin River, more than 1,000 miles by the river channel from the place of starting, minus two boats and four men.*

"Stolid indeed is he who can front the awful scene and view its unearthly splendor of color and form without quaking knee or tremulous breath. An inferno swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic underworld, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream. . . . A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every

* There have been other successful expeditions since, the Kolb brothers being the last, 1911-1912.

color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvellous delicacy. . . .

"A cañon, truly, but not after the accepted type. An intricate system of cañons, rather. . . . Only by descending into the Cañon may one arrive at anything like comprehension of its proportions, and the descent cannot be too urgently commended to every visitor who is sufficiently robust to bear a reasonable amount of fatigue. There are five paths down the southern wall of the Cañon in the Granite Gorge District; the trip may now be safely made on horseback all the way."

Camping by the river for the night, the ascent is made the next day.

Mr. William Winter said of the Grand Cañon:

"For the traveller, no emphasis of commendation would be excessive. American pilgrims will cross the ocean, will seek the Alps, will penetrate the wilds of Russian Siberia, will traverse Indian wilds and African deserts, in search of novelty, and yet they will neglect this greatest of novelties, this surpassing wonder of their native land. . . . A pageant of ghastly desolation and yet of frightful vitality, such as neither Dante nor Milton in their most sublime conceptions ever

even approached. . . . Your heart is moved with feeling that is far too deep for words. Hour after hour you would sit, entranced, at the edge of this mighty subterranean spectacle, lost in the wonder and glory of it, forgetful of self, and conscious only of the Divine Spirit."

"If the falls of Niagara were installed in the Grand Cañon between your visits and you knew it by the newspapers—next time you stood on that dizzy rimrock you would probably need good field-glasses and much patience before you could locate that cataract which in its place looks pretty big. If Mount Washington were plucked up bodily by the roots—not from where you see it, but from sea-level—and carefully set down in the Grand Cañon, you probably would not notice it next morning, unless its dull colors distinguished it in that innumerable congress of larger and painted giants.

"All this, which is literally true, is a mere trifle of what might be said in trying to fix a standard of comparison for the Grand Cañon. But I fancy there is no standard adjustable to the human mind. You may compare all you will—eloquently and from wide experience, and at last all similes fail. The Grand Cañon is just the Grand Cañon, and that is

all you can say. I never have seen anyone who was prepared for it. I never have seen anyone who could grasp it in a week's hard exploration; nor anyone, except some rare Philistine, who could even think he had grasped it. I have seen people rave over it; better people struck dumb with it, even strong men who cried over it; but I have never yet seen the man or woman that *expected* it.'' *

Last, but by no means least, let me quote a few words from an article published in the *Century Magazine* by Mr. John Muir:

'' It seems a gigantic statement for even Nature to make, all in one stone word. Wildness so Godful, cosmic, primeval, bestows a new sense of earth's beauty and size. . . . But the *colors,* the living, rejoicing colors, chanting, morning and evening, in chorus to heaven. Whose brush or pencil, however lovingly inspired, can give us these? In the supreme flaming glory of sunset the whole Cañon is transfigured, as if all the life and light of centuries of sunshine stored up in the rocks was now being poured forth as from one glorious fountain, flooding both earth and sky.''

I would suggest to any tourists going to the Grand Cañon that a book called '' The

* Charles F. Lummis.

Grand Cañon of Arizona,'' published by the Passenger Department of the Santa Fe Railroad, will give them any number of beautiful descriptions and impressions, such as those quoted above. The book also contains many splendid pictures, which will familiarize them with certain spots in this marvellous place before reaching there.

THE PAINTED DESERT

Among the interesting trips to be taken from the Grand Cañon is that to the *Painted Desert,* of which one hears very little, probably because it is a very difficult trip; still it is perfectly possible for any ordinarily hardy traveller. Five to seven days must be allowed and the journey is made on horse- or mule-back. The descent to the floor of the Cañon is a rough ride and very fatiguing, but by no means dangerous. The Trail leads down cañon after cañon, dropping lower and lower, for it must be remembered that the Painted Desert lies 200 feet below sea level, while the rim of the Cañon from which we have started is 7,000 feet above sea level. One can readily imagine the change in temperature during such a descent. In the desert the mercury stands at times at 115°; however, those who care to put up with the hardships are likely to feel themselves fully repaid.

An experienced guide is necessary, especially on account of the quicksands which must be avoided in crossing the Little Colorado River. The colors of the sands, the mountains

and the sky are indescribable; they are so brilliant as to seem absolutely unreal, while beyond in the distance is seen, in all its dazzling whiteness of snow-capped peaks, the lovely San Francisco range, a fitting background for this mad riot of color.

The trip is not to be attempted by the fastidious, for washing and consequently much in the way of changes of clothing, is out of the question. The guides do the cooking and do it well, but it is necessarily of the simplest kind, as everything must be carried on the pack mules; the luncheons are cold, because at noonday the mule is not unpacked, still eggs can always be had, because they are cleverly carried in the animals' feed; even the water is carried, for that taken from the desert water-holes is so strongly alkali that one cannot even use it for washing purposes, it is so irritating.

This trip can also be made from Zuñi.

THE FOSSIL FOREST OF ARIZONA

Mr. George Perkins Merrill says:

"*The Fossil Forest of Arizona,* one of the most remarkable features of a State noted for its scenic wonders, is situated a few miles south of Adamana, a station on the Santa Fe Railroad in Apache County. . . . Only within a few years have accommodations and transportation facilities been such as to tempt more than a very small proportion of the tourists and travellers to 'stop off' on their through tickets to the Grand Cañon and Pacific Coast. Since the setting aside of the area as a 'National Monument' or Government Reservation, and the appointment of a Superintendent, the way has become easy, and the constantly increasing number of visitors has made the preparation of some form of scientific account of the Forest almost a necessity."

This he follows by a careful geological account of the Forest, which those who wish to read it can find. I shall say only a few words about this interesting spot. Here, as in the Great Petrified Forest in the Arabian Desert,

so called to distinguish it from the Petrified Forest near Cairo, the trees are fallen and the great logs lie prone upon the ground, glittering fragments of jasper and carnelian all about them. There are not even standing stumps here, as in the Great Petrified Forest of the Arabian Desert, where superb specimens still may be seen.

There are within the Reservation four forests, but the first is the one most generally visited. The trip through the first and second is made by carriage. The third may be reached the same evening; but here we camp for the night and visit this third forest the following morning, returning to Adamana in the afternoon.

The third or Rainbow Forest is the principal one, which is generally known as Chalcedony Park. The ground here seems strewn with jewels, and one has the feeling of being in some enchanted spot. One of the most interesting features is the Natural Bridge, which is formed by the petrified trunk of one of these huge trees lying across a cañon, and which the venturesome tourist may cross.

Professor Lester F. Ward, Paleontologist of the U. S. Geological Survey, who visited the great Petrified Forest in 1879 to make a report to the U. S. Geological Survey as to

the advisability of setting that locality apart as a National Park, says in his report:

"I went over the ground with considerable thoroughness and visited about all the localities of interest, taking full notes of the scenic, geologic and scientific features. With regard to the first of these, viz., the scenic aspect, I can safely say that it has never been exaggerated by any who have attempted to describe this region. . . . These Petrified Forests may be properly classed among the natural wonders of America, and every reasonable effort should be made not only to preserve them from destructive influences, but also to make their existence and true character known to the people. . . . It is more ancient (the Arizona Petrified Forest) than the Petrified Forests of the Yellowstone National Park, of certain parts of Wyoming, and of the Calistoga deposits in California. These latter are of the Tertiary age, while the Arizona Forests belong far back in Mesozoic time, probably to the Triassic formation. . . . The difference in their antiquity is therefore many millions of years. . . . There is no other petrified forest in which the wood assumes so many varied and interesting forms and colors, and it is these that present the chief attraction for the general

public. The state of mineralization in which much of this wood exists almost places them among the gems or precious stones.''

THE NATURAL BRIDGE, ARIZONA

'' The Natural Bridge of Pine Creek, Arizona, is to the world's natural bridges what the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River is to the world's chasms—the greatest, the grandest, the most bewildering. . . . No photograph can ever give more than a hint of its appalling majesty.'' *

This is a very difficult trip, one that can be taken only by the hardy traveller, so I shall give no details. Full particulars can be had from the Santa Fe offices.

THE MOQUI INDIAN

'' One hundred miles north of the Petrified Forest of Arizona, and well into the edge of the Arizona Desert, are the seven strange and seldom visited pueblo cities of Moqui (also known as Hopi) built on the summits

* Charles F. Lummis, '' Some Strange Corners of Our Country.''

of almost inaccessible mesas (may-sa), islands of solid rock, whose generally perpendicular cliff-walls rise high from the surrounding plain.

"They are very remarkable towns in appearance, set upon dizzy sites, with quaint terraced houses of adobe and queer little corrals for the animals in nooks and angles of the cliffs, and giving far outlook across the browns and yellows, and the spectral peaks of that weird plain. But they look not half so remarkable as they are. The most remote from civilization of all the pueblos, the least affected by the Spanish influence which so wonderfully ruled over the enormous area of the Southwest, and practically untouched by the later Saxon influence, the Indians of the Moqui towns retain almost entirely their wonderful customs of before the conquest. . . .

"These Indians are the best weavers in America, except the once remarkable but now less skillful Navajo. . . . The Moqui also make valuable and curious fur blankets by twisting the skins of rabbits into ropes and then sewing these together. . . .

"It is in these strange, cliff-perched little cities that one of the most astounding barbaric dances in the world is held. Africa has no savages whose mystic performances are

more wonderful than the Moqui snake dance."

I cannot possibly give an account here of this most interesting function, but the reader will find full particulars in Mr. Charles F. Lummis's most fascinating book, "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," from which I have quoted.

"The snake is an object of great respect among all uncivilized peoples, and the deadlier his power, the deeper the reverence for him. The Pueblos often protect in their houses an esteemed and harmless serpent—about five or six feet long—as a mouse trap; and these quiet mousers keep down the little pests much more effectively than a cat, for they can follow *shee-id-deh* to the ultimate corner of his hole."

Up to a generation ago every Pueblo protected at least one sacred rattlesnake, but now I believe the Moqui Indians alone continue the custom, and Mr. Lummis tells us that once a year the remarkable ceremony of the snake dance is still performed, and that after it is over he has seen the hillock of rattlesnakes a foot high and four feet across. "The dancers leap about this squirming pile while sacred corn meal is sprinkled, then thrust each an arm into the mass, grasp a

number of snakes, and go running at top speed to the four points of the compass and the unharmed snakes are released.'' *

This Reservation is reached via the Santa Fe Railway to Gallup, New Mexico, thence by buckboard or automobile to St. Michaels, thence to Kean's Cañon by buckboard or stage, via Granado, six times a week, 105 miles, or from Holbrook, Arizona, by hired conveyance, 85 miles (about $28.00; from Gallup about $18.00).

NAVAJO RESERVATION

To the north and east of the Moqui Reservation is the Navajo Reservation, also accessible via the Santa Fe Railway. These Indians, unlike their neighbors, will not even touch a snake. Mr. Lummis tells a most interesting story of his having had a Navajo Indian make for him a silver bracelet in the form of a snake. So extreme are their prejudices that this silversmith was almost beaten to death by his fellows, and the bracelet, together with his hut, were destroyed.

The Navajo reveres the bear as the Moqui

* Charles F. Lummis, "Some Strange Corners of Our Country."

does the snake. They even go so far as to make prayers and sacrifices to him. They are the most wonderful of jugglers. Dr. Washington Matthews, who was the foremost student of Navajo customs, said officially: "I have seen many fire scenes on the stage, many acts of fire-eating and fire-handling by civilized jugglers, but nothing comparable to this."

ZUÑI

Zuñi is also reached by the Santa Fe Railroad from Gallup. This is said to be the largest of all the pueblos. At Zuñi, Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing passed many years of his life, as a member of the tribe; this famous ethnologist probably learned more of the real Indian, because more closely associated with him, than any other white man has done; he is the authority on this particular tribe.

Conveyances can be had at Gallup and the trip to Zuñi is made in eight hours. Carriages are from $4.00 to $6.00 a day, according to seating capacity. There is a trading post *en route,* where luncheon can be had.

The Pueblo of Zuñi lies in a level plain

on the southern bank of the Zuñi River. The architecture of the Pueblo (permanent home) is unique, unlike anything else in the world. Zuñi may be seen many miles off, owing to the irregularity in the height of the houses, some of which are five stories, and the irregular lay of the land upon which they are built. To the tourist the approach may be disappointing, especially if seen after Acoma, built upon its great rock mesa; but why compare such different spots? each has a charm of its own. The ladders which are seen upon all sides at Zuñi, add greatly to its picturesque appearances; they have been well described as "a wilderness of masts."

Pottery is the great industry of the Zuñi, in which art they excel; not only are the jars, bowls, etc., beautifully shaped, but the decorative designs, mostly semi-geometric, and the combining of the reds, browns and black are wonderfully artistic.

A great many religious rites exist in Zuñi, some such celebration taking place every month, many in the open air, so that it is possible that the tourist may chance upon one of these at almost any time; but as the Indian is in the main conservative, it is probable that the most important ceremonies are still hidden from ordinary sight. There is a famous Zuñi

dance held in November, each year, which may be witnessed by all. There are many shrines in this vicinity, where visitors are allowed, the most important of which is the one on Thunder Mountain, quite a climb, but worthy the effort; here the Zuñi still make their offerings of prayersticks, etc., to the gods to whom this shrine is dedicated.

PUEBLO OF COCHITI

"The fable of the so-called Cliff-builders and Cave-dwellers, as a distinct race, or races, has been absolutely exploded in science. The fact is that the cliff-dwellers and cave-dwellers of the Southwest were Pueblo Indians, pure and simple.

"The most extensive and wonderful cave communities in the world are in the great Cochiti upland, some 50 miles northwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico. The journey is a very laborious one, but by no means dangerous; and if you can get my good Indian compadre, Jose Hilario Montoya, now Governor of the Pueblo of Cochiti, to guide you, you are apt to remember it as the most interesting expedition of your life." *

* Lummis, published in 1911.

" In the superbly picturesque cañon of the Rito de los Frigoles is the largest of all the villages of caves, deserted for more than 400 years. Outside its unnumbered cave-rooms were more rooms yet, of masonry of ' bricks ' cut from the same cliff.

" A few miles farther up the Rio Grande, not down in a cañon, but on the top of the great plateau, nearly 2,000 feet above the river, are two huge castle-like buttes of chalky tufa, each some 200 feet high. They stand one on each side of the dividing gulf of the Santa Clara Cañon, and are known to the Indians, respectively, as the Pu-ye and the Shu-fin-ne. They are the most easily accessible of the large cave villages of North America, being not over 10 miles from the little railroad town of Española, on the Rio Grande, some 30 miles by rail from Santa Fe.

" In this same wild region are the only great stone idols (or, to speak more properly, fetiches) in the United States—the mountain lions of Cochiti. They are life size and carved from the solid bedrock on the top of two huge mesas. To this day, the Indians of Cochiti before a hunt go to one of these almost inaccessible spots, anoint the great stone head and dance by night a wild dance,

which no white man has seen or ever will see.'' *

This region is reached via Santa Fe Railroad, by which road several cañons of cliff-builders are easily accessible.

THE PUEBLOS OF ACOMA AND LAGUNA

Acoma is 13 miles south of the Santa Fe Railway in the western part of New Mexico. It is reached from Laguna, which is in itself another most interesting place; it is the most recent of all the pueblos, having been founded in 1699.

'' Of all the 19 pueblos of New Mexico, Acoma is by far the most wonderful. Indeed, it is probably the most remarkable city in the world. Perched upon the level summit of a great ' box ' of rock whose perpendicular sides are nearly 400 feet high, and reached by some of the dizziest paths ever trodden by human feet, the prehistoric town looks far across the wilderness. Its quaint terraced houses of gray adobe, its huge church—hardly less wonderful than the pyramids of Egypt as a monument of patient toil—its

* Lummis.

great reservoir in the solid rock, its superb scenery, its romantic history and the strange customs of its 600 people, all are rife with interest to the few Americans who visit the isolated city. Neither history nor tradition tells us when Acoma was founded. The pueblo was once situated on top of the Mesa Encantada (Enchanted Tableland), which rises 700 feet in air near the mesa now occupied. . . .

"The present Acoma was an old town when the first European—Coronado, the famous Spanish explorer—saw it in 1540. With that its authentic history begins—a strange, weird history, in scattered fragments. . . .

"Acoma is a labyrinth of wonders, of which no person alive knows all; the longest visit never wears out its glamour. One feels as among scenes and beings more than human, whose very rocks are genii and whose people swart conjurors. It is spendthrift of beauty. . . . It is the noblest specimen of fantastic erosion on the continent."

Laguna lies about 20 miles northeast of Acoma. Mr. Lummis, from whom I quote the above, tells a most interesting story of a lawsuit carried on between these two cities over the picture of a saint. The story can

be found in " Some Strange Corners of Our Country." Not only does the writer know these strange corners, but he has a most wonderful way of making his readers see them as they read.

THE APACHE

The Apache Reservations are in Arizona and New Mexico. There is one, about 100 miles from El Paso, on the border of Texas and New Mexico, but perhaps the most accessible for tourists is the San Carlos Agency of the White Mountain Reservation, reached by a daily stage from Holbrook to Fort Apache, a distance of 96 miles. This is a hard trip, leaving Holbrook at about 3 P.M. and reaching Fort Apache the next morning at about 8 o'clock. The trip can be made by private conveyance from Holbrook, stopping for meals and lodgings *en route,* and travelling as slowly as one pleases.

There is really little of interest to the general tourist concerning the Apache. At least there are no ruins, for this tribe lived in tepees made of twigs, and not in pueblos, or permanent homes.

" Basket making is the principal industry

among the women, two kinds being produced, the bowl-like basket *tsa* and the *tus,* 'sewed water jug.' The coils of these baskets are made of either cottonwood or willow. Excellently woven burden baskets are also made.'' *

THE AMERICAN SAHARA

'' The Great American Desert was almost better known a generation ago than it is today. Then thousands of the hardy Argonauts had traversed that fearful waste on foot with their dawdling ox trains, and hundreds of them had left their bones to bleach in that thirsty land. The survivors of those deadly journeys had a very definite idea of what that desert was, but now that we can roll across it in a day in Pullman palace cars, its real and still existing horrors are largely forgotten.

'' The first scientific exploration of this deadly area was Lieutenant Wheeler's United States survey in the early fifties; and he was the first to give scientific assurance that we have here a desert as absolute as the Sahara.

* Geo. A. Dorsey, " Indians of the Southwest."

" It is full of strange, burnt, ragged mountain ranges, with deceptive, sloping, broad valleys between. There are countless extinct volcanoes upon it and hundreds of square miles of black bristling lava flows. The summer heat is inconceivable, often reaching 136 degrees in the shade; even in winter the midday heat is sometimes insufferable, while at night ice frequently forms on the water tanks.

" There are oases in the desert, chief of which are the narrow valleys of the Mojave River and the lower Colorado. It is a strange thing to see that soft green ribbon athwart the molten landscape.

" The Arabian simoon is not deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half is generally called). Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape.

" In the southern portions of the desert are many strange freaks of vegetable life—huge cacti 60 feet tall and as large around as a barrel, with singular arms, which make them look like gigantic candelabra; smaller but equally fantastic varieties of cactus, from the tall, lithe *ocalilla,* or whipstock cactus, down to the tiny knob smaller than a china cup. There are countless more modest

flowers, too, and in the rainy season thousands of square miles are carpeted thick with a floral carpet, which makes it hard for the traveller to believe that he is really gazing upon a desert. . . .

"Few people are aware that there are wild camels in North America, but it is none the less true. Many years ago a number of these 'ships of the desert' were imported from Africa by an enthusiastic Yankee, who proposed to use them in freighting across the American Sahara. The scheme failed; the camels escaped to the desert, where they occasionally appear and nearly frighten the wits out of some ignorant prospector, who strays into their grim domain.

"This great desert is over 1,500 miles long from north to south and nearly half as wide. The most fatally famous part is Death Valley, in California. There is on all the globe no other spot so forbidding, so desolate, so deadly."*

* Charles F. Lummis, "Some Strange Corners of Our Country."

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

The most usual entrances are via *Fresno* and *Merced*. The best time is perhaps April or May, while the falls are still full. From Merced to El Portal (the gate), the Yosemite Valley Railway runs some 70 miles along the banks of the Merced River, for which trip take your seat on the right-hand side of the train (right as one stands facing the engine); the view is better from this side. The train crosses and recrosses this gaily romping river, and the Valley changes continually, the walls becoming quite high in places and the river foaming rapids.

Reaching El Portal in the late afternoon, one climbs up a winding footpath through a picturesque tangle of brush to the Hotel Del Portal, where all the necessary comforts are provided (unless one counts a door key a necessary comfort; here there is no such thing, no bolt or lock on any bedroom door). After passing the night in this delightful spot, you will take the stage, which leaves at 7 A.M., for the Valley (four hours). The road is a

splendidly built, though decidedly narrow, well-sprinkled Government road, which again follows the winding course of the Merced River, and from which giant granite walls reach up toward the sky on either side.

Arriving at *El Capitan,* the great rock 7,630 feet high which stands, as it were, at the inner gate of this Paradise, we learn that this mountain of granite exhibits to view 400 acres of bare rock! Yet this is only one of many. The Valley is seven miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It lies 4,060 feet above sea level and is enclosed by walls rising from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the floor of the Valley. Many delightful trips may be taken here. They are all carefully organized and are conducted by guides, who know and love the place.

Before passing El Capitan notice the exquisite *Bridal Veil Falls* on the opposite side, higher than the highest falls in Switzerland. On the same (northern) side, beyond El Capitan, we see *The Three Brothers.* One of these peaks (3,700 feet) is accessible by trail, and from this summit one gets one of the finest views of the Valley. Next may be noticed *Cathedral Spires,* and on the south side *Sentinel Rock* and *Sentinel Dome.* These domes are, I believe, peculiar to this region.

North Dome and *South Dome* are most curious and interesting. There are trails leading to nearly all of these individual crests, and oh! such satisfying views.

Of all the falls, the one called, like the Valley—Yosemite—is the finest. It is the highest known fall of its volume. Here the waters dash down one-half mile. The fall is really in three sections, but appears all one at a distance. In the early spring when the volume is greatest, the booming of water is deafening and the force with which it strikes the ground shakes windows one mile away.

From *Yosemite Point,* the crest above the falls, the view is magnificent, but the tourist must not fail to walk to the foot of this fall to really appreciate it. The sensation thus received is one never to be forgotten.

The *Flora* and *Fauna* are enchanting. There seem to be scores of varieties of wild flowers, shrubs, ferns, etc. For the botanist going into the Valley, I should advise that he apply for a small manual called "Yosemite Flora," issued by the Department of Botany in the University of California, Berkeley. The small furred and feathered creatures seem to have no fear.

"The weather is mostly sunshine, embellished with magnificent storms, and nearly

everything shines from base to summit. The average cloudiness for the whole year is perhaps less than ten hundredths. Scarcely a day of all summer is dark, though there is no lack of magnificent thundering cumuli. . . . Well may the Sierra be called the Range of Light, not the snowy range, for only in winter is it white, while all the year it is bright.

" Of this glorious range the Yosemite National Park is a central section, 36 miles in length and 48 miles in breadth. The famous Yosemite Valley lies in the heart of it, and it includes the head waters of the Tuolumne and Merced Rivers, two of the most songful streams in the world. . . .

" Nowhere will you see the majestic operations of nature more clearly revealed beside the frailest, most gentle and peaceful things. Nearly all the Park is a profound solitude. The hours go by uncounted. No other mountain chain on the globe, as far as I know, is so rich as the Sierra in bold, striking, well-preserved glacial monuments, easily understood by anybody capable of patient observation.

" Every feature is more or less glacial, and this park portion of the range is the brightest and clearest of all. Not a peak, ridge, dome, cañon, lake basin, garden, forest or stream

but in some way explains the past existence and modes of action of flowing, grinding, sculpturing, soil-making, scenery-making ice. . . .

"Of all the glacial phenomena presented here, the most striking and attractive to travellers are the polished pavements, because they are so beautiful, and their beauty is of so rare a kind—unlike any part of the loose earthy lowlands, where people dwell and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of solid resisting granite, the unchanged surface over which the ancient glaciers flowed. . . .

"Of the small shrinking glaciers of the Sierra, remnants of the majestic system that sculptured the range, I have seen sixty-five. About twenty-five of them are in the Park, and eight are in sight from Mount Dana."*

The Sentinel Hotel is the only one in the Valley, but there are various camps, where the tourist is made most comfortable at a little less expense than in the Hotel. Camp Lost Arrow, Camp Awahnee and Camp Curry are all excellent. Allow from $8.00 to $10.00 per day, which will probably cover everything.

Before leaving the Yosemite Valley, the Lower Drive must surely be taken by those

* John Muir, "Our National Parks," Century Co.

who have not had time to take this trip on foot. The Valley is so small that the floor can be pretty thoroughly explored in a single drive, and it is most pleasing to carry away with us a picture of this green spot, starred over with the lovely wild flowers, for it is like an oasis in the desert. Our trip up the trail on the morrow, leading over the bare, brown face of rocky cliffs, will have amid the white of the everlasting snows and the sparkling of the sunlight in the various falls, only the occasional appearing and disappearing of this emerald Valley threaded by the silver stream of the Merced to give it color.

The climb to Glacier Point is made cross-saddle only and the traveller who has gone out unprepared for such a trip, can rent a skirt by simply making known her want when she engages her horse or mule.

When your time in the Valley is up, an excellent way to leave is by taking the famous trail to *Glacier Point*. Arrange to drive up the beautiful *Tenaya Cañon* to *Mirror Lake* in the early morning and see the sun rise over the edge of the great precipice and shed its golden light upon this deep, still pool, which before sunrise looks like a black hole in the ground, so vividly are the great domes and peaks reflected; but as we watch, a yellow

thread appears, a golden glow, at the bottom of the pit, and in a moment, all illusions gone, all shadows fled, the dazzling splendor of the fully risen sun is shining back at us, blinding us, and we pass on.

From here a short drive, passing Cathedral Rocks, Cloud's Rest and other fine peaks brings us to the spot called "Happy Isles," where the sure-footed mules are waiting to make the five-hour ascent to *Glacier Point*, which is 7,297 feet high. This trip is thought by many to be the most satisfying of all the trails, and I believe gives a more complete view of the entire Valley than any other. It winds up the east end past the foot of the beautiful Vernal Falls, and up, up, over the top, past the splendid Nevada Falls and anon over the top, zigzagging back and forth; on every turn the most exquisite views greet our sight. Liberty Cap and *Mount Starr King,* as seen from the point on this trail known as *Panorama View,* 4,000 feet above the Valley, are more impressive than any words can tell.

GLACIER POINT

At Glacier Point we find again a comfortable hotel, the Glacier Point Hotel, with a

veranda which makes one want to stay indefinitely, so wonderful is the view seen from it, with the Valley, the Falls, and ridge after ridge of the lovely Sierra Nevada Mountains. (In writing for rooms, be sure to ask for those overlooking the Valley.)

From here walk or ride to *Sentinel Dome.* I need only say of the view from this point that one of our veteran geologists has spoken of it as "the grandest sight on earth."

WAWONA AND THE MARIPOSA GROVE

Glacier Point is the starting point for those who have come this way to *Wawona.* The drive leads through beautiful woods (four hours), and here again is a delightful hotel (Wawona Hotel), from whence, after passing the night, we drive to the *Mariposa Grove* of Big Trees, where the stage passes through the living archways, which have been cut through several of these monsters. So much has been said of the Big Trees that I can add nothing. I think they are the most impressive sight, except perhaps one or two spots in the Far East, to be found in the world to-day, and while those fine old ruins of Europe are the dead

monuments of a dead people, these great trees are the living monuments of a world that was old before Europe was born. But what respect have we for age? They tell us that the Big Trees are 4,000 years old, and yet modern man has ruthlessly cut the heart from several of these prehistoric kings that the nineteenth century pleasure-seeker may drive through the living gateway and so enjoy one more new sensation.

It is said that it has not hurt the trees, but who knows for how many lives of men these noble giants may be able to conceal their wounds and still die of them in the end?

By returning to Wawona for another night, one may drive back to El Portal the next day; it is a long drive (seven hours), but indescribably beautiful, and gets us back to El Portal in time to have dinner and if necessary to leave by the night train, which will put us into San Francisco in time for breakfast the following morning.

THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

The Hetch-Hetchy Valley lies 14 miles north of the Yosemite Valley; it is about three miles long and less than a mile wide.

The Tuolumne River runs through the Valley, the walls rise about 2,000 feet, the waterfalls are exceptionally beautiful. The North Dome, to the east of the Hetch-Hetchy Falls, rises 6,400 feet. There are many wonderful domes and peaks.

The trip to the Hetch-Hetchy Valley can be made on horseback from the Yosemite by the Tenaya Cañon, Smedberg and Benson Lakes, and as in all these regions, there are camps along the route.

To the north of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is the Tuolomne Cañon, famous for its waterfalls. The walls of this Cañon are from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. It can also be reached from the Yosemite.

KINGS RIVER CAÑON

This Cañon is said to be a close second in beauty to the Yosemite; in fact, it is claimed that Mr. Muir called it a second Yosemite.

Here are Big Trees, peaks of the high Sierras and splendid fishing streams.

Tulare County, the greater part of which lies between Kings River to the north and the Kern River to the south, is traversed by the Kaweah River. If it were not in California,

a State so full of wonderful scenic attractions, it would undoubtedly be the show place of this entire region.

One should have Mr. Muir's power of words in any way to do justice to this Cañon, or series of cañons. I hardly know where to begin. Drury says:

"Kings River Cañon is a deep cleft in the Sierra Nevadas running from east to west. The sides are not as precipitous as those of Yosemite nor are there the immense waterfalls that mark the upper course of the Merced, but the Cañon is much more extensive and the surrounding peaks are as high. There are great domes and granite crags on all sides, which lend a strange and rugged appearance to the skyline.

"Throughout this region are scattered green meadows and mountain lakes, torrential streams with rolling cascades and waterfalls, sheer cliffs and towering, snow-capped peaks. In the floor of the Cañon rushes the Kings River."

This river consists of three forks, the north, south and middle, and it is hard to say which is the most attractive. The cañon of the middle fork is not as easily accessible as that of the south, which is reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, stopping at San-

ger, whence automobiles run daily, except Sundays, leaving at about half-past seven in the morning, stopping for luncheon and seeing the General Grant Park *en route,* and reaching Hume Camp at half-past six. The tree called General Grant in the Park of the same name is said to be the largest tree in the world.

Parties can leave Visalia, via Visalia Electric Line, for Lemon Cove (21 miles). Here a stage will meet the train for Juanita Meadows, leaving at 7 A.M. and arriving at 1 P.M. There is a small frame hotel at Meadows, from which the trails may be taken.

If you have gone via Hume and stopped in the camp overnight, you will leave by pack train at 8 o'clock the next morning and make the trip eastward and beside the river to Horse Corral, where you camp again, and the third day, from the wonderful Lookout Point, the descent is made to the Cañon. Down a three-mile zigzag trail we pass, making a drop of over 3,000 feet, while one beautiful view after another opens up before us.

At Cedar Grove the floor is reached and the river crossed. The six miles up the Cañon to Camp Kaweah is a ride that would gladden the heart of anyone. At this camp you may stop a day or a week or indefinitely. There

are numberless beautiful spots to be visited. The river comes tumbling down the gorge in cascades and picturesque falls, and only five or six miles off is the beautiful Paradise Valley.

The trail leading to Bubbs Creek is perhaps the finest, leading eastward and giving the view of the great snow-clad mountains. A chain of glacial lakes lies below the trail and back of them the Kearsarge Pinnacles, University Peak (13,950 feet), and many other superb mountain crests.

But look at your map of California and see what a marvellous region this is. In among these mountains is Whitney (14,898 feet), the highest peak in the United States, as well as many others of no mean size. Only a little to the east and flowing southward is another lovely river, the Kern River. This Cañon must not be forgotten. It may be reached in various ways, either across the Kearsarge Pass, down to Independence and Lone Pine or by going back to Horse Corral, leaving there the next day for Alta Meadows, across to Mineral King, over Franklin Pass and so down into the Kern Cañon.

THE KEARSARGE PASS

The Kearsarge Pass is one of the highest of all the Sierra Passes, 12,056 feet. It is literally on the sharp edge of the mountain range, so narrow that, we are told, the horse strides it, standing on both sides of the range at once. What an experience! What a chance for contrasting the two sides of this wonderful range, the long, green slope of the west, and the steep, bare, rocky descent of the east!

But we have still not explored this region. I mentioned the General Grant Park to be visited in going to the Kings River Cañon, but have made no allusion to the fact that the great Sequoia National Park also lies between these two rivers.

The descent from Kearsarge Pass to Independence and Lone Pine will bring the traveller to the Kern River Cañon, where again enthusiasts tell us that the scenery cannot be excelled. One may spend weeks in this region, going from camp to camp, for endless numbers of these places have now been made accessible.

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

Mr. John Muir, who probably knows more about the Big Trees than anyone else, says:

"Far the largest and most important section of protected Big Trees is in the grand Sequoia National Park, now easily accessible by stage from Visalia, via the Southern Pacific or Santa Fe Railroad. It contains seven townships and extends across the whole breadth of the magnificent Kaweah Basin. But large as it is, it should be made much larger. Its natural eastern boundary is the high Sierra, and the northern and southern boundaries the Kings and Kern Rivers, thus including the sublime scenery on the headwaters of these rivers and perhaps nine-tenths of all the Big Trees in existence. . . . The value of these forests in storing and dispensing the bounty of the mountain clouds is infinitely greater than lumber or sheep.

"To the dwellers of the plain, dependent on irrigation, the Big Tree, leaving all its higher uses out of the count, is a tree of life, a never-failing spring, sending living water to the lowlands all through the hot, rainless summer. For every grove cut down a stream

is dried up. Therefore, all California is crying, ' Save the trees of the fountains,' nor, judging by the signs of the times, is it likely that the cry will cease until the salvation of all that is left of Sequoia gigantea is sure."

In this park are the groves known as "Giant Forest," of about 5,000 Big Trees exceeding 10 feet in diameter; "Muir Grove," of 3,000 trees exceeding 10 feet in diameter, and "Garfield Grove," with almost as many trees of equal size. The Sequoia National Park is 161,597 acres in area.*

* "Our National Parks."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

In the southern part of California we will take *Los Angeles* as a starting point for all trips, just as in the more northern parts we took San Francisco and Sacramento.

Los Angeles is a city of great charm and of lovely homes. The climate is famous all over our country. There are many parks, which are veritable gardens of bloom and tropical plant life. Being one of the great cities of the West, none of which can be described in short meter, I must leave Los Angeles, as I have done the other cities, for you to discover for yourself. In any of the big cities of this country nowadays one has only to take one or two of the tours made by the many observation cars to get a very fair general idea of the lay of the land.

Numerous trips may be made to the coast from Los Angeles by motor, carriage or trolley, and many of the citizens have charming summer homes just a short drive from their town or winter home.

BEVERLEY HILLS

Beverley Hills is a delightful suburb, where there is a fine modern hotel, Beverley Hills Hotel, and every comfort may be enjoyed. The bracing salt air of the Pacific Coast blows over this spot in a most satisfying way, and one has the benefit of the Pacific Electric Line running to and from Los Angeles.

SANTA MONICA

A little farther on, by the same line, we reach *Santa Monica,* a popular resort, with various places of amusement, built on a bluff overlooking the ocean, from which one gets a view of the long, white, sandy beach, which leads on to *Ocean Park,* a popular resort on the order of Atlantic City, N. J.

SAN PEDRO

San Pedro, the fine Los Angeles port, on the coast, some 20 miles from the center of the city and reached by the Pacific Electric or one of the various railroads of that region,

is the starting point for *Santa Catalina Island.* Comfortable steamers make the trip in about two hours. It may be as smooth a crossing as one may desire and again I have seen it very rough. It is a beautiful sail almost due south. Here one is strongly reminded of the Mediterranean Sea, with the deep blue of the water and the mountainous islands rising right out of the sea.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

The first view of *Santa Catalina* is one to rejoice the soul, especially if one chances to approach it through one of the soft white mists which at times hang over these waters. This was the case on the day of my first trip there,—the mist lifting and rolling away, while we were still some miles off,—the full splendor of the noonday sun bringing out the Island as we stood in the bow of the approaching ship.

"The Island is in reality a range of mountains 23 miles long and sufficiently rugged in its upper reaches to win the devotion of the most venturesome. The highest peak, Orizala, has an elevation of 2,200 feet. For genuine excitement the visitor will choose a trip to the Crags to hunt the wild goats. Horses, guides, rifles and other necessaries are obtainable on the Island." *

For my part, I was happy enough without such wild sport, but this is a spot which would satisfy anyone from Mr. Roosevelt, with

* Drury.

his love of adventure, to the frailest invalid, with a desire only for a warm, sunny, peaceful spot in which to rest and grow strong.

The land slopes gently down to the water's edge. The landward side of the Island, being shaped like a great crescent, presents to the gaze of the approaching traveller a lovely green amphitheater, in the center of which stands the Hotel Metropole (there are countless other hotels, boarding houses and camps, but this is the best), to the left the Open Air Theater, where the band plays each evening, and other places of amusement, also the starting place of the little incline road, which takes to the top of the mountain those who do not care to climb. On either side good roads lead off over hill and dale. Horses and vehicles are to be had for the drives, which are of unusual beauty. *The Aquarium,* though only a small beginning, has some specimens of rare interest. I found there a few things which the world-famous aquarium at Naples lacked. The Glass-bottomed Boats are a never-ending source of interest. One cannot resist them. These comfortably-fitted boats, with dark canopy covers, can be hired at a very small price, and one sits spellbound, gazing down into the lovely marine gardens, watching the exquisitely colored fish as they

pass silently to and fro, brilliant blue in the sunshine, dark in the shadow, while the glint of the goldfish now here, now there, never ceases.

"And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, where the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own." *

The seaweed is so heavy in places that it suggests a forest under water, trees with leaves of every shape, bearing various fruits and berries. In the evening take the boat which leaves the pier at about 8 o'clock, bearing a fine searchlight. This light, being thrown upon the water, attracts the flying fish in great shoals. They rise and fly, following the path of light and make a very beautiful show, seeming like some fairy form of life with their transparent silver wings.

* J. G. Percival.

PASADENA

Pasadena, about ten miles northeast of Los Angeles, lies in the lovely, fertile valley of San Gabriel, where thousands of tourists come annually to the Floral Parade and Rose Tournament. More lovely homes can be seen here than in any one place in California. The city is beautifully laid out and planted. Its avenues, the finest of which is Marengo Avenue, with its exquisite Pepper Trees on either side, presents a picture hard to equal. There are very fine sunken gardens belonging to some of the private houses, but the entire residence section looks like one vast park. The trees in this State of California are a never-ending source of delight.

MOUNT LOWE

To the north of Pasadena is *Mount Lowe.* This trip is made from Los Angeles by the Pacific Electric and takes about two hours. The car stops at Pasadena for passengers from there, then very soon begins to run upgrade

and into the Rubio Cañon, where we leave the electric and take a cable car up to Echo Mountain, 3,500 feet above sea level, where a really superb view lies spread before us on all sides. From Echo a car runs to Alpine Tavern, quite an exciting bit of the trip, following in places the very edge of the precipice. The Tavern, they tell us, is 5,000 feet above sea level, and from here there are several delightful trails, all ending in superb views which, Baedeker tells us, extend 100 miles in every direction.

MOUNT WILSON

Mount Wilson is a little to the southeast of Mount Lowe, and makes another interesting excursion. Like Mount Lowe, it is reached by the Pacific Electric Railway, which takes us almost to the top. The last bit can be made on foot. Here again are fine views, and on the summit we find the Carnegie Solar Observatory, with the largest solar reflecting telescope in the world. Those wishing to remain overnight can do so. There is a hotel, the Mount Wilson; also a camp.

Starting northward from Los Angeles, see *Burbank.*

VENTURA

Ventura is the town for the *Mission San Buenaventura,* very picturesque and in good preservation. At *Carpenteria* we are shown the largest grapevine in the world, not as old as the famous vine at Hampton Court, England, but much larger. Here also, in a beautiful spot near the beach, the home of the author, Stewart Edward White, was pointed out.

SANTA BARBARA

Santa Barbara, that lovely spot called by many the Mentone of our country, is particularly happily situated. Nestled at the foot of the Santa Ynez Mountains, it is entirely protected by them from the north and west winds, and here the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, the lovely coast and wonderful sunshine, flowers and bathing may be enjoyed just as on the Riviera the Mediterranean is enjoyed. This is one of the most lovely resorts of this wonderful State. At Santa Barbara there is a very fine old Mission.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

Continuing northward, we come to *San Luis Obispo*, where there is another Mission and where the California Polytechnic School may be seen. From here a stage runs to the San Luis Obispo Hot Sulphur Springs, said to possess wonderful medicinal properties.

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS

Paso Robles Hot Springs are well known to all. They undoubtedly rank among the best of the many well-known Hot Sulphur Springs. The great hotel is not only spacious, but comfortable; all are made welcome. The baths are wonderful, curatively as well as architecturally. The Indians are said to have brought their sick here from all the surrounding country.

The waters are used internally and externally, and from the mud baths many splendid cures have been reported. But it is not only the health seekers who come here; it is an ideal place for real rest, fine air, good food, lovely walks and drives. There is a splendid clubhouse, with covered verandas, from

whence those not caring to join in the more active sports, such as tennis, golf, etc., may watch their more energetic friends.

The swimming pool is 80 by 40 feet, and has, of course, its own suites of dressing rooms. Through the Park one could wander endlessly. Stately old oaks shade the lovely paths and fine roads, and one readily understands the wisdom of the old Spanish name, Paso Robles, or Pass of the Oaks.

RIVERSIDE

About two hours out of Los Angeles, situated in the center of one of the most famous of orange-growing regions, is the city of Riverside, one of the most attractive of the many charming places which surround Los Angeles.

The Glenwood Mission Inn here is a triumph in this always pleasing architecture, the central court, or patio, being one of unusual charm with its very beautiful planting. See in this court the famous old orange tree.

The city is built in the lovely Santa Ana Valley, from which the hills roll up on all sides. Drive or walk to the summit of one of these hills and get the view of this fertile spot. On one of the most famous drives you will come upon a tablet set into a boulder, upon which read the following exquisite words, written by that dear nature lover whom all the West loves to quote: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into the trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

The southern portion of the great interior basin of California is commonly known as the San Joaquin Valley. It comprises the San Joaquin, the Tulare and Kern Valleys. Its greatest length is 260 miles and its width from 30 to 40 miles.

The Coast Range on the west of the Valley has an average height of 1,700 feet and the base averages 65 miles in width. The Sierra Nevada Range on the east rises to a much greater height, Mount Whitney reaching 14,898 feet and the base of this range averages 80 miles in width.

Between these two great ranges lies as well as the San Joaquin the Sacramento Valley. The ranges are connected in the southern part of the State at Tehachipi, and in the northern at Mount Shasta. The length of these combined valleys is about 450 miles and the width is 55 miles.

The Coast Range is composed of a multitude of ridges, and is intersected by numerous long, narrow, fertile valleys, Los Angeles, Salinas, Santa Clara, Sonoma, etc.

MISSIONS

The Encyclopedia Britannica says:

"The Jesuit Missionaries entered California in 1697 and established their first Mission at Loreto, continuing to spread these missions until 1767, when they were expelled from the country by order of Charles III of Spain and all their property was turned over to the Franciscan Monks, who later moved north to upper California. . . . Mexico's becoming independent of Spain in 1822 was the death-blow to the establishment of the Franciscans, which finally broke up in 1840 after they had founded 21 Missions."

Many of these old buildings have been restored and are in a fine state of preservation to-day; they have had a distinct effect upon the architecture of the California of to-day. The fine old Spanish lines are most picturesque and particularly suitable to this climate, where the open courts and the beautiful white arcades have a perpetual background of blue sky, with the clear, sparkling atmosphere of California. It is impossible in

my limited space to give a description of each, and there are various books to be had on the subject—" In and Out of the Old Missions of California " by George Wharton James; " The Missions of California and the Old Southwest " by Jesse S. Hildrup, etc. A delightful trip may be made by motor nowadays, visiting each of these in turn; they are, mentioning them in order from the most southern up, as they follow the coast line, San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, Los Angeles, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Ynez, La Purisima Concepcion, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Antonio, Mission Soledad, San Carlos, San Juan Bautista, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San José, Mission Dolores, San Rafael Archangel, Mission San Francisco Solano.

These Missions were built a day's walk apart in order that the travellers on foot could always find shelter at the end of a day's tramp. There has very recently been built, near the San Gabriel Mission, a short distance from Los Angeles, a theater where is being given a very fine Mission play commemorating this period in the history of California. An ambulatory surrounding the play-house shows models of all the Missions in their order; a visit to this place and witnessing a perform-

ance of the play will do more to impress upon the tourist the early settlement of this part of the West Coast than anything else I can suggest.

SAN DIEGO

San Diego is the most southern port on the west coast of the United States of America, and was one of the earliest settlements on this coast. On the way down from Los Angeles visit, if possible, the Missions, San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey; the San Diego Mission is in the old town.

This city has probably the finest harbor on the California coast, after that of San Francisco; it is an important port lying quite near the Mexican border.

The climate of San Diego is famous; it is said to be equally delightful the year round, and all is being done to make the city as attractive as possible. Six thousand acres have been set aside as parkland; the finest of these is *Balboa Park,* the site of the Panama-California Exposition to be held in 1915 at the same time as the great Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

CORONADO BEACH

Coronado Beach, with its great Hotel del Coronado, is one of the most famous of year-round resorts. The beautiful beach, some 15 miles long, lies on the peninsula which forms the outer arm of the San Diego Bay, and is truly an ideal spot. This Hotel, like the Del Monte, at Monterey, is set in a veritable tropical garden; the flower beds, great sheets of color, are an endless delight to the Easterner; here may be enjoyed every luxury of modern life with all the ease and freedom of the tropics. The Japanese Tea Garden and Cottage must be visited. A short distance from the hotel one comes upon a fine *Ostrich Farm,* where these curious birds may be seen of all ages, from a few days old up to the full-grown birds.

In the old town see the Estudillo house, made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson as the place where Ramona was married. This is a very picturesque spot, the courtyard especially so, and in the garden the old oven still stands.

NATIONAL CITY

National City, a little to the south of San Diego, is a fine residential section and will fully repay a visit; it is easily reached by trolley.

POINT LOMA

Point Loma, a small peninsula which juts into the ocean just at the most northern point of San Diego Bay, is a place of unique interest and must be visited by all who are following the work of the "Theosophical Institute of The Universal Brotherhood." Here, under the leadership of Katharine Tingley, this society has established itself and its model school. The colony is open to tourists. The architecture is unusual, especially The Raja Yoga Academy with its two domes, one of aqua marine and the other of a curious purple hue. See the Moorish Hotel, the Aryan Memorial Temple and the Greek Theater.

PANAMA

Any book on travel to-day would be incomplete without some allusion to Panama, and as the great Panama Canal is now nearing completion and shortly to be opened, some who intend going to the Exposition at San Francisco, which is to celebrate this event, may elect to go out by way of the Canal.

Steamers are now leaving any of the large Eastern ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, regularly.

There are three lines:

THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN,
No. 45 Broadway,
New York City;

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
No. 22 State Street,
New York City;

THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY,
STEAMSHIP SERVICE,
No. 17 Battery Place,
New York City.

The last-named company sends two steamers from New York every week, one sailing on Wednesday and one on Saturday, making the trip in 5 days to *Jamaica,* and in 7 days to *Colon,* the eastern gateway of the Canal.

At Colon hotels have been built and the tourist is well cared for.

Trips over the canal zone can be made by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 50 miles.

Leaving Colon we come first to the great Gatun Locks, which cost $18,000,000 to construct. The Gatun Dam is 9,040 feet long and 1,900 feet wide at its greatest width.

Gatun Lake, an artificial body of water, has an area of 164 square miles.

Next come the Culebra Locks, the Pedro Miguel Locks and the Miraflores Locks, and this stretch has brought us past the famous Culebra Cut—description is impossible, and so much has been written and told from the lecture platform that I can only say, see it for yourself. Probably more mental and physical energy has been expended here than on any other one piece of work accomplished by man.

We now reach *Panama,* the western gateway to the Canal, where again every comfort of the modern hotel awaits us and where one

should arrange to stay until this wonderful western end of the Canal has been thoroughly explored.

By the time that the Exposition opens, we are promised steamers from the Eastern ports, which are to make the complete trip to Colon, through the Canal and up the West Coast to San Francisco.

These Hotels are listed from

The Official HOTEL RED BOOK and Directory of the United States.

ARIZONA

Grand Cañon

HOTEL EL TOVAR, Fred Harvey — A. P.

Maricopa

McCARTHY'S HOTEL, F. J. McCarthy — A. P. $2.50, E. P. 1.00 up

Phœnix

ADAMS HOTEL, J. C. Adams — E. P. 1.00 up

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, G. H. N. Luhrs — E. P. 1.00 up

FORD HOTEL, A. B. Williams — E. P. 1.00 up

Tucson

HOTEL HEIDEL, J. W. Kellum — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL ORNDORFF, F. J. Wharton — E. P. .75-1.50

Williams

GRAND CAÑON HOTEL, P. S. Ronan — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL FRAY MARCOS, Fred Harvey — E. P. 2.00-3.00

CALIFORNIA

Agua Caliente

AGUA CAL. SPRG. HOTEL, Theo. Richards — ,2.00

Alameda

ALAMEDA HOTEL, — 2.50 up

ENCINAL HOTEL, — 2.50 up

PARK HOTEL, J. G. Croll — E. P. 2.50 up

Angel's Camp
ANGEL HOTEL, E. Pache — $2.00

Arrowhead Hot Springs
ARROWHEAD HOTEL, C. C. Oswald — A. P. 3.00-5.00

Avalon
HOTEL METROPOLE, — E. P. 1.00 up

Belvedere
HILLSIDE INN, M. J. Warren — 2.00 up

Berkeley
BERKELEY INN, Mrs. A. B. Pray — 2.50 up
CARLTON HOTEL, Mrs. W. F. Morris — 2.50 up
HOTEL SHATTUCK, Noah W. Gray — A. P. 3.00-6.00; E. P. 1.50-4.00

Beverley Hills
BEVERLEY HILLS HOTEL, S. S. Anderson — A. P. 3.50

Big Trees
DORRINGTON HOTEL, R. Gardner — 2.00
MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL, J. Whiteside — 3.00

Calistoga
CALISTOGA HOTEL, H. W. F. Spreen — 2.00

Carmel-by-the-Sea
PINE INN, Pine Inn Co. — A. P. 2.00-3.00

Coronado
HOTEL DEL CORONADO, John J. Herman — A. P.

Del Monte
HOTEL DEL MONTE, H. R. Warner — A. P. 4.00-6.00

Echo Mountain
ALPINE TAVERN, Pac. Elec. Ry. Co. — 3.00 up

El Portal
HOTEL DEL PORTAL, F. A. Cline — A. P. 4.00-5.00

Fresno
FULTON HOTEL, E. C. White — E. P. 1.00 up
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, E. C. White — E. P. .75 up

HOTEL CALIFORNIA, A. P. $1.00 up
E. P. .50 up
Mrs. L. L. Moore

Kern
CESMAT HOTEL, 2.50
M. Cesmat

METROPOLE HOTEL, 2.50
Stevenson & Bernard

DEER PARK INN,
J. S. Libbey

Lake Tahoe
TAHOE TAVERN, A. P. 4.00 up
Duane L. Bliss, Jr.

TALLAC HOUSE, 3.00-4.50

Lodi
HOTEL LODI, A. P. 1.25 up
W. L. Robison

Los Angeles
HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, E. P. 2.00 up

Los Angeles (down town)
VAN NUYS HOTEL, E. P. 2.00 up
C. H. Knappe

HOTEL LANKERSHIM, E. P. 1.50 up
Cooper & Davis

Los Angeles (about 30 min. out)
HOTEL LEIGHTON, A. P. 3.50 up
I. M. Wolfe

HERSHEY ARMS, 3.00 up

THE DARBY, 3.00 up

Merced
CENTRAL HOUSE, 2.00
T. H. Wasson

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, 2.00
Moran & Howell

EL CAPITAN HOTEL, E. P. 1.00-2.00
Geo. A. Eastman

Monterey
CENTRAL HOUSE, 1.50 up
A. R. Underwood

HOTEL DEL MONTE, A. P. 4.00-6.00
H. R. Warner

PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL, A. P. 2.50-4.00
E. P. 1.00 up
H. R. Warner

National City
SAN MIGUEL HOTEL, 1.50 up
D. E. La Rue

Oakland

HOTEL ADAMS, E. P. $1.00 up
Dick Adams

HOTEL ST. MARK, A. P. 2.50 up
E. P. 1.00 up
E. J. Greenhood

HOTEL OAKLAND, E. P. 1.50 up
Victor Reiter

KEY ROUTE INN, A. P. 2.50
E. P. 1.00
H. Barker

Pacific Grove

DEL MAR HOTEL, 1.50
B. S. Winston

PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL, A. P. 2.50-4.00
E. P. 1.00 up
H. R. Warner

Pasadena

HOTEL GREEN, A. P.
David B. Plumer

HOTEL GUIRNALDA, A. P. 3.00 up
E. O. Davis

HOTEL RAYMOND, A. P. 5.00 up
Walter Raymond

Paso Robles

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRGS., A. P. 3.50 up
Frank W. Sawyer

Redlands

HILL CREST INN, A. P. 2.00 up
E. P. 1.00 up
F. A. Morgan

LA CASA LOMA, A. P. 4.00 up
J. S. Aurand

WISSAHICKON INN, A. P. 2.50 up
Mrs. A. B. Johnson

Redondo

HOTEL REDONDO, A. P. 2.50-5.00
J. S. Woollacott

Redwood City

REDWOOD CITY HOUSE, 1.25
A. Shoemacher

TREMONT HOTEL, 1.50
E. Anderson

Riverside

THE GLENWOOD MISSION INN, A. P. 3.50 up
Frank A. Miller

Sacramento

CAPITAL HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
C. Jesse Titus

THE GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
Kirk Harris

LANDS HOTEL,
TRAVELERS HOTEL, E. P. $1.50-4.50
J. L. Flanagan
WESTERN HOTEL, A. P. 1.25 up
Morrison & Burns

San Bernardino
NEW SUNSET HOTEL, E. P. .75-2.50
Chas. Klein
STEWART HOTEL, A. P. 2.50 up
E. P. 1.00 up
E. M. Crawford

San Diego
HOTEL BREWSTER, E. P. 1.00 up
J. F. Maloney
HOTEL CECIL, E. P. 1.00 up
Cecil Hotel Co.
U. S. GRANT HOTEL, E. P. 1.50 up
J. H. Holmes

San Francisco
BELLEVUE HOTEL, A. P. 4.00 up
E. P. 2.00 up
W. E. Zander
FAIRMONT HOTEL, E. P. 2.50 up
J. C. Kirkpatrick
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, E. P. 2.00 up
James Woods
HOTEL STEWART, A. P. 3.00 up
E. P. 1.50 up
Chas. A. Stewart
PALACE HOTEL, E. P. 2.50 up
J. C. Kirkpatrick

San José
HOTEL MONTGOMERY, E. P. 1.00 up
C. H. Burkhardt
HOTEL ST. JAMES, A. P. 2.50 up
E. P. 1.00 up
Albert Bettens
THE IMPERIAL
HOTEL VENDOME, A. P. 3.50 up
E. P. 1.50 up
Morgan Ross

San Luis Obispo
ANDREWS HOTEL, A. P. 3.00 up
F. J. McKenry
HOTEL ST. JAMES, E. P. .50 up
L. C. Bell

San Mateo
UNION HOTEL, 2.00

San Pedro
HOTEL WIEDEWALD, 2.00
Chas. Dreifus

Santa Barbara

ARLINGTON HOTEL, E. P. Dunn — A. P. $4.00 up

HOTEL MASCAREL, H. W. Beatty — A. P. 2.00-3.00

THE POTTER HOTEL, Milo M. Potter — 3.00 up

Santa Clara

PIPES HOTEL, Mrs. Pipes — E. P. 1.00 up

Santa Cruz

HOTEL CASA DEL REY, James McCullough — E. P. 2.00

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Fred Barson — A. P. 2.00 up

ST. GEORGE HOTEL, J. J. C. Leonard — A. P. 3.00 up; E. P. 1.50 up

Santa Monica

WINDERMERE HOTEL BY-THE-SEA, R. Boide — A. P. 3.00 up; E. P. 1.50 up

Santa Rosa

HOTEL OVERTON, Santa Rosa H. Co. — E. P. 1.00 up

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, Santa Rosa H. Co. — A. P. 2.50 up

Sausalito

HOLLY OAKS HOTEL, H. B. Russell — A. P. 2.50 up

Sonoma

UNION HOTEL, H. W. Gottenburg — 2.00

Stockton

HOTEL CLARK, M. G. Philson — E. P. 1.00 up

THE STOCKTON, A. I. Wagner — E. P. 1.50 up

YOSEMITE HOTEL, A. I. Wagner — A. P. 2.50 up; E. P. 1.00 up

Tahoe

DEER PARK INN, J. S. Libby

MOAN VILLA, F. J. Pomin — A. P. 2.00

TAHOE TAVERN, Duane L. Bliss — A. P. 4.00 up

TALLAC HOUSE, — 3.00-4.50

Truckee
THE NEW WHITNEY HOTEL, E. P.

Tulare
HOTEL ENCINA, A. P. $2.00
J. W. Chamberlain

Ventura
HOTEL ANACAPA, A. P. 2.00 up
E. P. .50 up
Hartman Bros.

Visalia
PALACE HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
F. Stousland
PIERPONT INN, A. P. 3.50 up
A. Pierpont

Wawona
WAWONA HOUSE, 3.00-4.00
Wawona Hotel Co.

Yosemite
SENTINEL HOTEL,
CAMP AHWAHNEE, A. P. 3.00 up
W. M. Sell
CAMP CURRY, A. P. 2.50
David A. Curry
CAMP LOST ARROW

COLORADO

Cañon City
HOTEL DENTON, E. P. 1.00 up
A. Shore
RIO GRANDE HOTEL, A. P. 2.00
Mrs. Hodginson
THE STRATHMORE, A. P. 3.00-4.00
E. P. 1.00 up
L. M. Wingert

Colorado City
NATIONAL HOTEL, 2.00 up
G. T. Ensign

Colorado Springs
ALTA VISTA HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
H. H. Stevens
THE ACACIA, E. P. 1.50 up
J. W. Atkinson
THE ANTLERS, E P. 1.50 up
W. S. Dunning
GRIER'S HOTEL, E. P. .50 up
J. J. Grier H. Co.

Cripple Creek
HOTEL IMPERIAL, A. P. 2.00 up
E. P. 1.00 up
M. E. Shoot

NATIONAL HOTEL, E. P. $1.00 up
F. Johannigman

Denver

AUDITORIUM HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
D. D. Watson

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, E. P. .50-1.00
E. L. Roberts

THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL, E. P. 1.50 up
C. H. Morse

THE NEW SAVOY HOTEL, E. P. 1.50 up
Nicodemus & Starkweather

THE MARKHAM, E. P. .75 up
Hughes & Nolan

ALBANY HOTEL, E. P. 1.50 up

Estes Park

HOTEL STANLEY, A. P. 5.00 up
A. Lamborn

LESTER'S HOTEL, A. P. 3.00 up
C. E. Lester & Co.

Glenwood Springs

HOTEL COLORADO, 4.00-5.00
Elmer E. Lucas

HOTEL GLENWOOD, A. P. 3.00 up
E. P. 1.00 up
H. & A. Burnett

HOTEL GRAND, A. P. 2.50 up
E. P. .75 up
W. R. Lee

Manitou Springs

GRAND VIEW HOTEL, A. P. 2.50 up
E. P. 1.00 up
W. Paulson & Son

HOTEL NAVAJO, A. P. 2.50 up
C. A. Pollen

THE CLIFF HOUSE, A. P. 3.00 up
E. P. 1.50 up
E. E. Nichols H. Co.

Ouray

BEAUMONT HOTEL, 3.00
Chas. Sebelin

Pueblo

BROADWAY INN, A. P. 2.50
E. P. 1.00
C. F. Ray

CONGRESS HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
J. M. Oaks

Twin Lakes

HOTEL CAMPION, A. P. 3.00 up
O. P. De Ford

IDAHO

Cœur d'Alene

HOTEL ANTLER, Henry Bodler — E. P. $1.00 up

HOTEL IDAHO, N. Simpson — E. P. 1.00 up

ILLINOIS

Chicago

AUDITORIUM HOTEL, W. S. Shafer — E. P. 2.00 up

THE BLACKSTONE, Drake Hotel Co. — E. P.

HOLLAND HOTEL, Chas. H. White — A. P. 2.00 up; E. P. .75 up

KANSAS

Kansas City

GARMO HOUSE, J. Higgins — 2.00

HOTEL GRUND, T. Swarts — A. P. 2.50 up; E. P. 1.00 up

LOUISIANA

New Orleans

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, Vic Le Beau — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL GRUNEWALD, Hotel Grunewald Co. — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL ST. CHARLES, A. S. Amer & Co. — E. P. 1.50 up

MONTANA

Butte

THE BUTTE, F. K. Wilson — E. P. 1.00-4.00

THE SAMMIS, C. W. Sammis — E. P. 1.50 up

Glacier Park

GLACIER PK. STATION HOTEL

Missoula

MISSOULA HOTEL, Jas. A. Walsh — E. P. 1.00 up

WINDSOR HOTEL, E. Lacasse — A. P. 1.25 up

NEBRASKA

Omaha

HENSHAW HOTEL, J. H. Keenan — E. P. $1.00 up

HOTEL LOYAL, F. J. Taggart — E. P. 1.00-4.00

HOTEL DREXEL, W. J. Roush — E. P. .50 up

NEW MEXICO

THE ALVARADO, Fred Harvey

OREGON

Crater Lake

CRATER LAKE LODGE, A. L. Parkhurst — A. P. 3.25

Hood River

MT. HOOD HOTEL, C. A. Bell — E. P. .50-2.00

Klamath Falls

HOTEL BALDWIN, E. B. Hall — A. P. 2.00 up; E. P. 1.00 up

THE WHITE PELICAN, Conway & Ingram — E. P. 1.00 up

Portland

HOTEL BELVEDERE, Theo. Kruse — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL MULTNOMAH, H. C. Bowers — E. P. 1.50 up

HOTEL OREGON, Wright-Dickinson Co. — E. P. 1.50 up

THE PORTLAND, G. J. Kaufmann — E. P. 1.00 up

The Dalles

HOTEL DALLES, Hotel Dalles Co. — E. P. .75 up

UMATILLA HOUSE, Sinnott & Fish — E. P. 1.00 up

UTAH

Ogden

HOTEL MARION, David Mattson — E. P. 1.00 up

HOTEL ALBERT, — E. P. 1.50 up

Salt Lake City

HOTEL MOXUM, Thos. Gavin — E. P. 1.00 up

THE NEW WILSON, E. P. $1.00-3.00
A. Fred Wey

THE SEMLOH, E. P. 1.00 up
Semloh Hotel Co.

HOTEL UTAH, E. P. 1.50 up

WASHINGTON

Seattle

HOTEL LINCOLN, A. P. 2.25 up
E. P. .50 up
W. J. Blackwell

HOTEL SEATTLE, E. P. 1.00 up
Wright-Dickinson Co.

HOTEL WASHINGTON, E. P. 1.50 up
J. H. Davis

NEW WASHINGTON HOTEL, E. P.
James Woods

Tacoma

CARLTON HOTEL, E. P. 1.00 up
F. C. Schlenz

HOTEL TACOMA, E. P. 1.00 up
Hotel Co. of Tacoma

SANDS HOTEL, A. P. 2.00 up
Mrs. A. C. Sands

WYOMING

Yellowstone National Park

FOUNTAIN GEYSER HOTEL, A. P. 5.00 up
T. Keefe

GRAND CANYON HOTEL, A. P. 5.00 up
Wm. Rogers

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, A. P. 5.00 up
H. G. Lewis

OLD FAITHFUL INN, A. P. 5.00 up
Mrs. A. Underwood

ALBERTA (CANADA)

Banff

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, A. P. 4.00 up
C. P. Ry. Co.

Laggan

CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE, A. P. 4.00 up
C. P. Ry. Co.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Field

MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE, A. P. 3.50 up
C. P. Ry. Co.

STRAND HOTEL,
R. A. Upper

Glacier

GLACIER HOUSE, C. P. Ry. Co. — A. P. $3.50 up

Sicamous

BELLEVUE HOTEL, L. H. Congrew — 2.00

SICAMOUS HOTEL, C. P. Ry. Co. — 3.50 up

Vancouver

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, F. O. Winewiser — A. P. 2.00 up

HOTEL VANCOUVER, C. P. Ry. Co. — E. P.

THE WOODS HOTEL, W. D. Wood — A. P. 2.50 up; E. P. 1.00 up

Victoria

EMPRESS HOTEL, J. C. Humble — E. P. 2.00 up

KING EDWARD HOTEL, H. D. Kelly — A. P. 2.50 up

BOOK LIST

Atlantis Arisen	Frances Fuller Victor
At the Silver Gate	John Vance Cheney
Beyond the Rockies	C. A. Stoddard
California the Beautiful	Paul Elder, compiler
Camp Fires on Desert and Lava (illustrated)	W. T. Hornaday
Descriptive Geography from Original Sources	F. D. Herbertson
Discovery of the Yosemite	L. H. Bunnell
Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage (illustrated)	C. A. Strahorn
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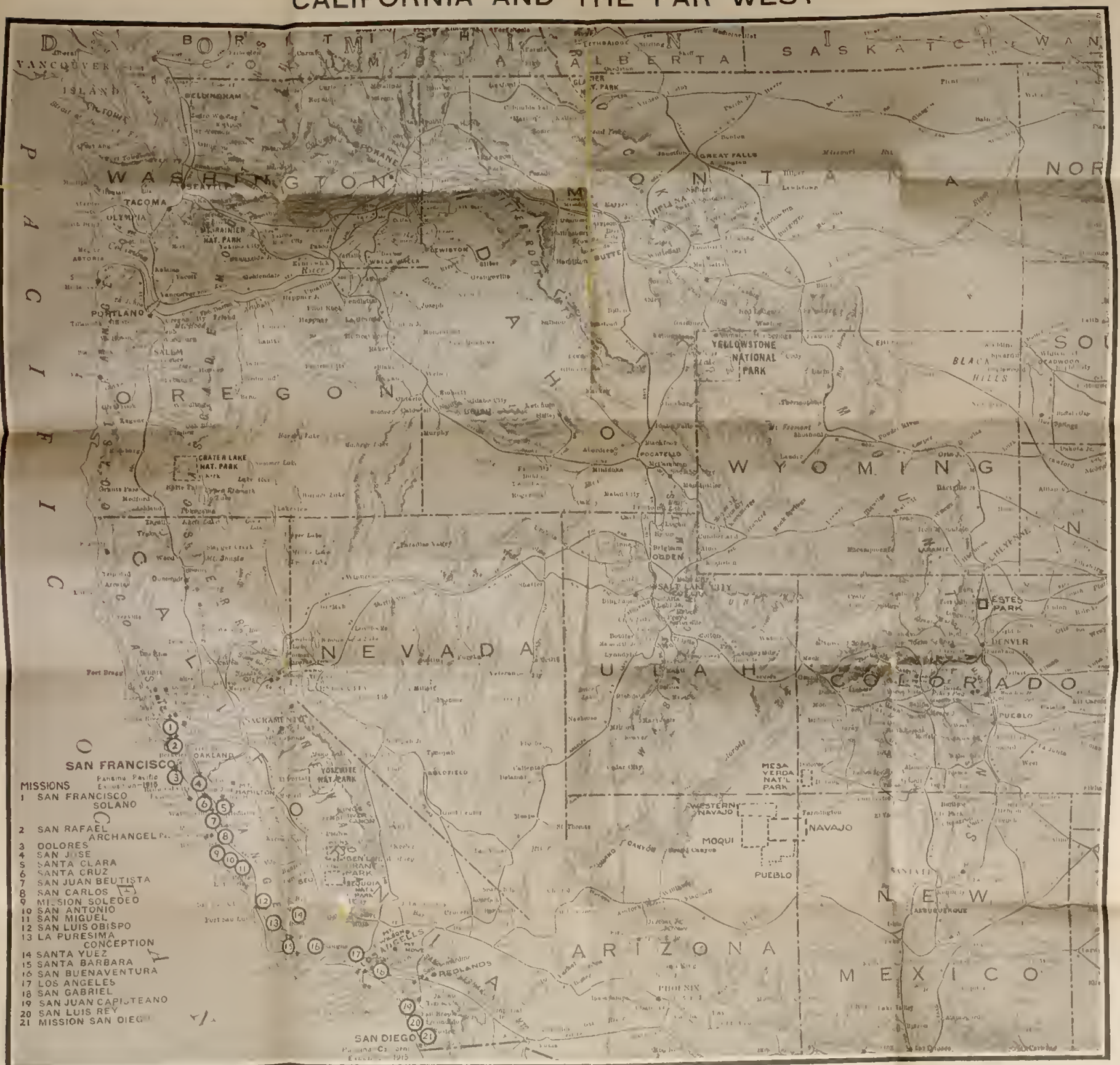

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